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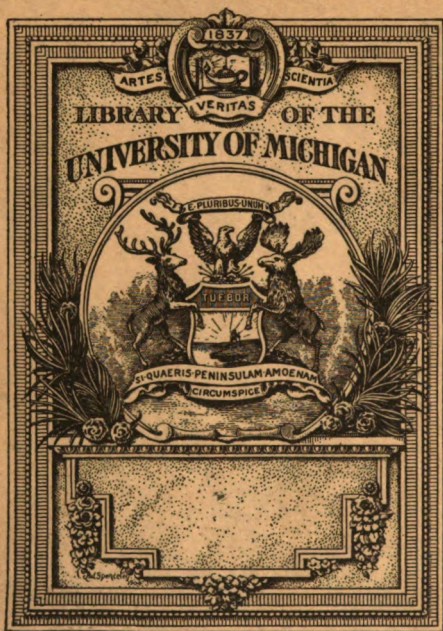
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COMPOSITIONS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE

OF

MR. JOHN OLDHAM.

7/6

THE
COMPOSITIONS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF
MR. JOHN OLDHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,
AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES
UPON SOME
OBSCURE PASSAGES OF HIS WRITINGS.



BY EDWARD THOMPSON.

Farewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own :
For sure our Souls were near ally'd, and thine
Cast in the same poetic Mould with mine.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, opposite Gray's-Inn Gate, Holborn.

M DCC LXX.

TO THE HONOURABLE

AUGUSTUS HERVEY, ESQ.

Representative in Parliament for the Town of
SALTASH, one of the Grooms of his MAJESTY'S
Bedchamber, Commodore in the Royal Navy,
Colonel of Marines, Steward of OLD SARUM,
and Brother to the Right Honourable the Earl of
BRISTOL.

S I R,

When I consider myself the Editor to an illustrious
deceased Author, whose Memory I have endeavoured
to do every Justice to ; yet something is still wanting
to protect us both, and give a new Recommendation
of the Work to the World ; and who so proper a

Patron as the Honourable AUGUSTUS HERVEY ! You, Sir, who are blest with a Judgment to minutely discover the *Beauties* and *Merits* of Genius, and Taste to relish the most sublime Language of the *Musks*. How unpardonable would it be in me, to forget that *Encouragement* and *Protection* which I met with from you, when I designed publishing a Set of *CHARTS* for the Use of the Navy, and Navigation in general ; a Work which might have been of universal Utility to his Majesty's Subjects, had it not been opposed and suppressed through the Spirit of Party, in spite of your generous Intentions of introducing it to the World for a public Good. But how much more are you to be applauded, Sir, when you so conspicuously distinguished yourself in the *BRITISH SENATE*, and became at once a charitable Friend to the Distresses of the *Lieutenants* of the *Navy*, who saw themselves reduced to the humble Pittance of Thirty-six Pounds a Year, after a most glorious and victorious War ; unable, by any Merits or Interests of their own, after various Efforts to increase that Pay, though *honoured* with the *Pity* of most of the *Nobles* of the *Land*. Thus dejected, without a Hope of Relief, did you stand forth the pleading generous Orator of their Sufferings, and obtained that, which their own long Services and Deserts were unable to procure,

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and which they, nor their Children's Children, will ever want Gratitude to acknowledge to you, their Benefactor. But, without the Mention of these, Sir, when we consider the illustrious Race you are descended from, the Esteem you are held in by your KING, for your transcendant Abilities and gallant Actions; your distinguished Character as a Sea Officer, and your refined Knowledge of the BELLES LETTRES, to whom could a SAILOR with so much Propriety present the Compositions of a Poet, who flourished in a Reign of the greatest Wit; and if Mr. *Oldbam* was esteemed by many amongst the foremost Rank, nevertheless your Name will be the greatest Ornament to his Productions, and an endless Honour to his Editor. I hope you may find, Sir, Entertainment for a Leisure Hour in the Perusal of these Poems, which will be a sufficient Recompence to me, for the Labour of reviving the Ashes of such a Genius, to present to such an accomplished Patron. These Compositions are happy in having your Protection, nor would I ever wish myself more fortunate, than to have the accurate, and undisputed Judgment of an AUGUSTUS HERVEY to recommend them. I will detain you no longer, Sir, than to assure you I am highly proud of having this Opportunity of declaring the high

D E D I C A T I O N .

Veneration I have of your Capacity, and of the many valuable Qualities which adorn your Character. I have the Honour to be,

S I R.

With the highest Respect,

Your most obliged, most obedient,

Most devoted humble Servant,

IRELAND,
Purdisbourne, County Down,
May 1770.

E. THOMPSON.

T H E

LIFE OF MR. JOHN OLDHAM,

WITH SOME

OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WRITINGS.

Our Author was born at *Shipton*, near *Tedbury*, in *Gloucestershire*, on the 9th of *August*, 1653, where his Father, *John Oldham*, was a Nonconformist Minister, and Son of the Reverend Mr. *John Oldham*, Rector of *Nun-Eaton*, in the same County — His Father educated him in the Rudiments of the *Latin Tongue*, and then placed him in the University.

Mr. *Oldham* being sent to *Edmund-Hall* in *Oxford*, was assisted in his Studies by the Reverend Mr. *Stephens*, who soon discovered in him a great

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Taste for the MUSES. He was not long a Student before he gave great Proofs of his Capacity, and Knowledge of the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues.

In *May* 1674, he took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts; but left the College, at the Request of his Father, much against his Inclination, before he had compleated the Degree by Determination.

The following Year, his constant Companion and Friend, Mr. *Charles Morwent*, died of the Small-Pox, to whose Memory he writ a most pathetick Pindarick Ode. The narrow Circle of a home Life soon became dull and restrained. The Loss of this Friend and his College Associates made him accept of an Invitation to *Croydon* in *Surry*, where he laboured for a small Pittance as Usher of the *Charity-School*. In this Place he composed many of his Pieces, which first stole into the World in Manuscript; and coming to the Sight of Lord *Rocheſter*, raised that witty Nobleman's Curiosity to see the Author, who, accompanied with the Earl of *Dorſet*, Sir *Charles Sedley*, and some other noble Geniuses of that Reign, paid him a Viſit, entirely on the Reputation of his Poetry. This Interview was attended with some Mirth. Lord *Rocheſter* ſending

by his Servant a verbal Compliment to Mr. *Oldham*, the Message was received by the HEAD MASTER, who was much surprized at the Invitation, but concluded it a Mistake, yet took the Honour of it to himself, not having a Capacity sufficient to know the Abilities of his Usher. The old Gentleman immediately dressed himself in his Summer Sabbath Apparel, and repaired to the Appointment, where all these Wits burned with Impatience for an Interview with a Man, who they had some Knowledge of from Description. When the tottering Pedagogue made his Entry, they were all on the Laugh; he began with a stupid dull Preface, of his Sense of the Honour they had done him; betraying, at the same Time, his Ignorance of such a Visit: When Lord *Dorset* observing the Confusion of the Man, and the laughing Gravity of Lord *Rochester*, released him with a candid assurance their Invitation was to Mr. *Oldham*, which the old Gentleman readily submitted to; confessing he had not Wit or Learning enough for such good Company. This Interview was Mr. *Oldham's* first Introduction to the salacious Wits of that wanton Age, and brought him acquainted with some other Persons of Distinction, who afterwards proved his most steady Friends and Patrons. He

did not continue three Years in the obscure Character of an Usher, before his Friend *Harman Atwood*, Esq; Counsellor at Law, (whose Memory he has perpetuated in an elegant Pindarick Ode,) recommended him as Tutor to the Grandsons of Sir *Edward Thurland*, a Judge, near *Rygate*, in the County of *Surry*, where he continued till the Year 1681. After this, we find him Tutor to the Son of Sir *William Hicks*, a Gentleman of distinguished Character, who resided near the City of *London*, and an intimate Acquaintance of that excellent Physician, Dr. *Richard Lower*, by whose peculiar Friendship and Encouragement Mr. *Oldham* was advised to study Physic, which he did for a Year, and made some Progress therein; but his natural Turn and Passion for the Muses allured him too much to shine in any Company but theirs: His very Inclinations would not permit him to proceed in the technical Path of Physic, when he could wander at Ease, and cull the fairest Flowers round the Fountain of *HELICON*; which he acknowledges in a lively easy Manner, in a Letter to a Friend in *London*:

While silly I all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my Hopes, and all my Vigour lose
In Service of that worst of Jilts, a Muse;

}

For gainful Business, court ignoble Ease,
And in gay Trifles waste my ill-spent Days.
Poets are Cullies, whom rook Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding Hopes to win.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade,
Oft have I tried (Heaven knows) to mortify
This vile and wicked Lust of Poetry ;
But still unconquer'd, it remains within,
Fix'd as a Habit, or some darling Sin.
Oft when Ill-humour, Chagrin, Discontent,
Give Leisure my vile Follies to resent,
I thus against myself my Passion vent :
“ Enough, mad rhiming Sot, enough ; for shame
“ Give o’er, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks
“ damn :
And thus resolv’d against the scribbling vein,
I deeply swear never to write again.

Sometimes, after a tedious Day half spent,
When Fancy long has hunted an old Scent,
Tir’d in the dull and fruitless Chace of Thought,
Despairing, I grow weary, and give out ;
As a dry Leacher, pump’d of all my Store,
I loath the thing, ’cause I can do’t no more :

But, when I once begin to find again
Recruits of Matter in my pregnant Brain,
I please myself with the vain false Delight,
And count none happy, but the Fops that write.

Mr. *Oldham* had now discharged the Trust of a Tutor with Care and Satisfaction to Mr. *Hicks*, who design'd his Son to proceed immediately on his Travels, and solicited earnestly our Author to accompany him to the Classick Seat of the Muses ; which he politely declined with the most lively Sense, and Expressions of Gratitude to the worthy Father, for the Favours conferred upon him. Mr. *Oldham's* Refusal of this Offer was rather extraordinary ; especially when he regarded the young Gentleman, and so greatly esteemed his Parent. Besides, having it in his Power to visit at so easy a Rate a Country which had produced a Set of Men his daily Study and Admiration. Nothing can be said for such a Step, but the salt Relish which remained for the Company of his *noble Visitors*, who had Wit, Wickedness, and Money enough to debauch a Saint ; nor had he forgot the Spice of Flattery offered him by those Lords on his poetical Abilities ; for the least Praise will seduce a Poet, when infected with the Itch of scribbling.

Thus determined, with a small Sum of Money which he had saved in his Tutorship, he posted to *London*, and became at once a Votary of *Bacchus* and *Venus* : for the Poets of those Days always treated the Nymphs of *Parnassus* with the highest and most costly Wines. With or without the Bottle he was a most agreeable Companion, full of Wit, Vivacity, and Good-nature, without Vice or Obscenity, which Mr. *Gould* particularly points in the following exalted Character :

The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
 Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine ;
 They quickly perish'd, yours was still the same,
 A lambent, but an everlasting Flame ;
 Which something so resistless did impart,
 It never pass'd the Ear, but reach'd the Heart ;
 Unlike the Wretch that strives to get Esteem,
 And thinks it fine and jaunty to blaspheme,
 Nor can be witty but when God's the Theme. }
 Mistaken Men (but such thou didst despise)
 Who must be wicked, to be counted wise.
 Thy Converse from this reigning Vice was free,
 And yet 'twas truly all that Wit could be :
 None had it, but e'en with a Tear does own,
 The Soul of dear Society is gone.

Notwithstanding Mr. *Oldham* rejected Mr. *Hicks's* Offer, it was not with a View to indulge his Passions, nor did it arise from a Weariness of a regular Life; but a noble thirst of Poetic Fame, and a Desire of improving his Fortune; for he certainly had the greatest Virtues, with the fewest Vices, and was intitled to the Character given by Mr. *Gould*, and seven others of superior Ability, amongst which was Mr. *Dryden*, who laments his being “too little, and too lately known to him.” A Man of Mr. *Oldham's* Parts could not be long conceal'd in *London*, before Wits would enlist him, and Block-heads shun him: Nor was his Appearance a small Joy to his *Croydon Visitors*, who immediately introduced him to Mr. *Dryden*; but from the Propensity of his own Inclinations, he was more attach'd and intimate with the Earl of *Rocheſter*, to whose Memory he inscribed his *Bron*, and of whom he has given it as his Opinion in one of his Prefaces, “That nothing could be said or thought of to the
 “Memory of that incomparable Person so choice
 “and curious, which his deserts did not surmount;
 “and that if it was thought mean to have borrowed the Sense of another to praise him in, it
 “argues at the same time a Value and Reverence;
 “that I durst not think any thing of my own good

“ enough for his Commendation ; conceiving it to
 “ be in the Original a Piece of as much Art,
 “ Grace, and Tenderneſs, as perhaps was ever
 “ offered to the Aſhes of a Poet.” He likewiſe
 ſeems ſo ſenſible of the Advantages received from
 the Company of Lord *Rochefter*, that to that in-
 comparable Perſon he attributed all his Merits :

If I am reckoned not unbleſt in Song,
 'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching Tongue :
 Some of thy Art, ſome of thy tuneful Breath,
 Thou didſt, by Will, to worthleſs *me* bequeath ;
 Others, thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
 To *me*, thou didſt thy *Pipe* and *Skill* vouchſafe.

Notwithſtanding his great Attachment to the
 Earl of *Rochefter* and his Party, nevertheleſs he was
 moſt affectionately careſſed by WILLIAM EARL OF
 KINGSTON, who wanted much to make him his
 domeſtick Chaplain, which he declined, from a
 lively Senſe of unpolite Treatment too often con-
 ferred on the Gown by Noblemen ; who keep a
 Chaplain more through Parade, than a due Reſpect
 to Learning and Religion ; and when they ſhould
 be treated as generous Friends, they are too often
 only looked on as upper menial Servants ; by which
 the Dignity of the Church is lowered, and Nobi-

lity lose the Opportunity of improving their Minds by the Conversation of the sensible Man. These just Reflections were the Cause of a *Satire*, addressed to a Friend about to leave the University, in which is great Truth, Wit, Humour, and Ease.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some noble Family ;
Diet, an Horse, and Thirty Pounds a Year,
Besides th' Advantage of his Lordship's bar ;
Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What Slavery he oft must undergo :
Who, tho' in filken Scarf and Cassock dress'd,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best ;
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat :
Soon as the Tarts appear, *Sir Crape* withdraw !
Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw :
For meer Board-Wages, such their Freedom sell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell.

Let others, who such meanesses can brook,
Strike Countenance to ev'ry great Man's Look :
I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Rayment truck my Liberty :
Lord of myself, accountable to none,
But to my conscience, and my God alone :

I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gaudiest Vassal to Dependency.

However, notwithstanding his Rejection of the Chaplainship, Lord *Kingston* took him under his Patronage, and with whom he lived in the highest Esteem and Friendship at *Holme-Pierpoint* in *Nottinghamshire*; where he died of the Small Pox the 9th of December, 1683, in the 30th Year of his Age. His Lordship paid him the last funeral Rites, and erected a handsome Monument to his Memory, with this inscription:

M. S.

Joh. Oldhami Poetæ

Quo nemo sacro furore plenior,

Nemo rebus sublimior,

Autverbis feliciùs audax;

Cujus famam omni ævo

Propria satis consecrabunt carmina.

Quem inter primos Honoratissimi *Gulielmi* Comitis
De *Kingston* Patroni sui amplexus, *Variolis* correptum,

Hue nimis immatura mors rapuit,

Et in Cœlestem transtulit chorum.

Natus apud *Shipton* in agro *Glocestrensi*,

In aula *Sti. Edmundi* graduatus.

Obiit die *Decembris* nono,

Anno Dom. 1683. Ætatis 30.

We are told the Person of Mr. *Oldham* was tall and thin, which was much owing to a consumptive Complaint, but was greatly increased by Study : His Face was long, his Nose prominent, his Aspect unpromising, but Satire was in his Eye. Having thus passed through the short Life of this most ingenious Gentleman, who was stiled by his Contemporaries, “ *The Darling of the Muses*,” I think myself obliged to defend him from the unjust Aspersions of Mr. *Wood*, and say something on his Genius and Writings, notwithstanding the *Critical Review* has wittily assured the World, the *Editor* is equal to the *Poet* : The Editor, in return, assures the *Review* Tribe, he would not wish to be blest with a greater Ability ; however, he has the Consolation to know, that both are superior to the Criticks.

The Editor of the last Edition of Mr. *Oldham*’s Works, published in 1722, looks upon it as a Duty incumbent upon him, to defend him from the opprobrious attacks of *Anthony a’ Wood*. At that Time it might be justly necessary, when many were desirous of sullyng Mr. *Oldham*’s Character from his late Connections with Men of Party, and more especially when some of his Compositions appeared in the World, incorrect, and without his

Knowledge, particularly the *Satire against Virtue*, which no Man in his right Senses could ever conceive to be such. However, our Author had so much Charity for the ignorant Part of Mankind, that he afterwards published a Counter-part, to clear up to those who could not find it out, that he did not mean to flatter Vice, but to traduce it by attacking it in Masquerade. However, I look upon it the Thing will clear itself sufficiently with all sensible People, without making Mr. *Wood* of any Consequence, by repeating his dull, false Censures upon it. But notwithstanding all this, and the great Character Mr. *Oldham* died with, yet many will conclude him to be vicious, and corrupted by the Company of Lord *Rocheſter*; who it was thought had Wit and Wickedness enough to debauch the most pious Hermit. Nevertheless, we find through his two Years Residence in *London*, amongst the Wits of that Lord's Party, that Mr. *Oldham* retained his moral Character, and if he admired his Abilities ever so, yet he never suffered his atheistical Doctrines to lay hold of him,

“ Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lie

“ In venting dull, insipid Blasphemy ;

“ I swear I cannot with those Terms dispense,
“ Nor will be damn’d for the Repute of Sense.”

We see in his *Sunday Thoughts in Sickness*, great Fervency of Prayer, Piety, Contrition, and Repentance; and I believe few Men have lived better, or died a more pious Christian than Mr. *Oldham*.

Mr. *Oldham* certainly possessed much Learning, Wit, Genius, and Judgment; but in his Imitations of the *Classicks*, and some other *French* Poets, he was more sedulous to retain the Meaning of his Author, than nice in his Rhimes or Numbers: But where Harmony is wanting, we find strong Sense, Satire, Wit, and Humour; particularly in those Imitations of *Horace* and *Boileau*. These he was conscious were wanting in Metre; which the World called a Fault, though he never allowed it to be such; and when censured for such carelessness, he would reply, “ I confess I did not so much
“ mind the Cadence, as the Sense and Expressiveness of my Words, and therefore chose not those
“ which were best disposed to placing themselves
“ in Rhime, but rather the most keen and tuant,
“ as being the most suitable to my Argument.
“ Howbeit, to shew the Way I took was out of

“ choice, not want of Judgment, and that my
 “ Genius is not wholly incapable of performing
 “ upon more gay Subjects.” Which is literally ve-
 rified in his two *Greek Pastorals of Bion and Adonis*,
 Imitations from *Ovid*, and many other fugitive
 Pieces. But, without waiting the Approbation of
 the *Inquisitors*, I shall recommend his Satires on the
Jesuits, and call them superior to any Composition
 of a similar kind in these Times. His Translation
 of the Cup of *Anacreon* has always met universal
 Applause; as well as his *Drunkard’s Speech*, and
 his *Careless Fellow*. But enumerating the Beauties
 of *Oldham*, is as endless as counting the Absurdi-
 ties of such *Criticks* who are humorously described
 in his Character of an ugly old Priest. We should
 likewise recollect, that in the Time of Mr. *Old-*
ham’s Life, that Harmony of Numbers was not so
 much attended to, nor did *English* Poetry arrive at
 that Standard of Musick, till Mr. Pope’s correct
 Chastity of Rhimes made it unfashionable to be
 otherwise; though Mr. *Churchill* always preferred
 the nervous Majesty of *Dryden* (whom he stiles the
great High-Priest of all the Nine) to the measured
 Regularity of Mr. *Pope*: And since I have intro-
 duced the Name of Mr. *Churchill* here, I shall
 take notice of some Similitude between him and

Mr. *Oldham*, to give fresh Vigour to the Flail of the Criticks: I do not mean Similitude in regard to the Excellence of Composition, for then the Laurel is due to Mr. *Churchill*.

We find Mr. *Oldham* intirely unknown to the World till Lord *Rocheſter*'s Viſit to him at *Croydon*, in the twenty-ſeventh Year of his Age:—when, like a ſhort-lived Meteor, he made a great Blaze, and withdrew. Till the ſame Years did Mr. *Churchill* continue in a ſmall obſcure Curacy, which he quitted upon his Father's Invitation to St. *John*'s Church in *Weſtminſter*, where he was choſen Tutor to ſome young Gentlemen; and in that Capacity acquitted himſelf to their Advantage, and the great Satisfaction of their Friends. With the Aſſiſtance of this, and the Emoluments of the Church, Mr. *Churchill* enjoyed a genteel Livelihood, until an imprudent Branch of his Family involved him in new Misfortunes. But as I do not mean to give the Life of that celebrated Genius, I ſhall proceed to obſerve, he often told me, in private Converſation, that he had compoſed, from his fifteenth Year, a Number of poetical Pieces, all which were ſent to *Magazines*, and other periodical Compoſitions; but none of them were taken any notice of

till his Publication of the *Rosciad*,—which, like the *Satires on the Jesuits*, made a great *Eclat*. These Gentlemen's Thoughts on *Independency* were equally noble and sublime, though the Harmony of their Numbers are not to be set in a Competition with each other.

“ Let the weak Bard, with prostituted Strain,
 “ Praise that proud *Scot*, whom all good men
 “ disdain;
 “ What's his Reward? Why, his own Fame undone,
 “ He may obtain a Patent for the Run
 “ Of his Lord's Kitchen, and have ample Time,
 “ With Offal fed, to court the Cook in Rhime;
 “ Or (if he strives true Patriots to disgrace)
 “ May at the second Table get a Place,
 “ With somewhat greater Slaves allow'd to dine,
 “ And play at *Crambo* o'er his Gill of Wine.”

CHURCHILL'S Independence.

“ Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
 “ What Slavery he oft must undergo:
 “ When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
 “ With holy Words, to consecrate the Meat;
 “ But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
 “ If he be deign'd the Honour to sit down.

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“ The menial Thing, perhaps, for a Reward,
 “ Is to some slender Benefice preferr’d,
 “ With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
 “ My Lady’s antiquated Chamber-maid,
 “ In dressing only skill’d, and Marmelade,
 “ I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I,
 “ For Food or Rayment, truck my Liberty.”

OLDHAM to his Friend.

“ If he, of all the Heroes of his Line,
 “ Which in the Register of Story shine,
 “ Can offer nothing to the World’s Regard
 “ But mouldy Parchments, which the Worms have
 “ spar’d;
 “ Who, besides empty Titles of high Birth,
 “ Has no Pretence to any thing of worth,
 “ Shou’d proudly wear the Fame, which others
 “ fought,
 “ And boast of Honour, which himself ne’er got.
 “ Virtue’s the certain Mark, by Heav’n design’d,
 “ That’s always stamp’d upon a noble Mind :
 “ If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
 “ By copying them, your high Extract proclaim.
 “ In the blest state of infant Time unknown,
 “ When Glory sprung from Innocence alone,

- “ Each from his Merits only, *Title* drew,
 “ And that alone made *Kings* and *Nobles* too.
 “ Then scorning borrow’d Helps to prop his Name,
 “ The Hero from himself deriv’d his Fame.
 “ ’Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a
 “ *Lord*
 “ To be an honest Man, and keep his Word ;
 “ But he that’s rich, is prais’d at his full Rate,
 “ And tho’ he once cry’d *Small-Coal* in the Street.
 “ *Guthrie*, by Help of Chronicle, shall trace
 “ An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.”

OLDHAM’S Satire on Nobility.

- “ But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
 “ And think that empty Titles are my Theme ;
 “ Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth,
 “ I rev’rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
 “ ’Tis not the Title, whether handed down
 “ From Age to Age, or flowing from the Crown
 “ In copious Streams on recent Men, who came
 “ From Stems unknown, and Sires without a Name;
 “ ’Tis not the *Star* which our great EDWARD gave,
 “ To mark the Virtuous, and reward the Brave,
 “ Blazing without, whilst a base Heart within
 “ Is rotten to the Core with Filth and Sin.

CHURCHILL’S Independence.

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" It cannot be—whether I will, or no,
 " Such as they are, my Thoughts in Measure flow.
 " Convinc'd, determin'd, I in Prose begin,
 " But e'er I write one Sentence, Verse creeps in,
 " And taints me thro' and thro'; by this good Light,
 " In Verse I talk by Day, and dream by Night;
 " If now and then I curse, my Curfes chime,
 " Nor can I pray, unless I pray in Rhime,
 " E'en now I err, in spite of common Sense,
 " And my Confession doubles my Offence.
 " Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that Friend,
 " Who in my Hearing shall a Rhime commend."

CHURCHILL'S Journey.

" Oft have I try'd (Heav'n knows) to mortify
 " This vile and wicked Lust of Poetry:
 " But still unconquer'd, it remains within,
 " Fix'd as a Habit, or some darling Sin.
 " Nay (God forgive me) when I say my Pray'rs,
 " I scarce can help polluting them with Verse.
 " Little I thought, my dearest Friend, that you
 " Would thus contribute to my Ruin too."

OLDHAM'S Letter to a Friend.

I shall not detain the Reader any longer with Comments upon these Poets Works, but leave a

stricter Examination to some more curious ;—but if their Compositions are found to have no Similitude, their Lives and Deaths were much alike ; each bursting into Life nearly of an Age, shining for the same Period of Time, and sinking with universal Esteem. I cannot offer any Encomiums to the Memory of Mr. *Oldham* equal to those which follow from many celebrated Hands ;—It is sufficient for me to say, his Works are a Monument, above that which the Earl of *Kingston* erected to his Fame and Worth.

WALLER to the Memory of OLDHAM, written at
Wilton, in the Year 1684.

Hail, gen'rous Poet, whom great WILMOT lov'd,
Whose steady Friendship gentle DORSET prov'd ;
Whom SEDLEY courted, DRYDEN deign'd to praise,
Whom BURNET call'd the Lustre of his Days ;
Whom KINGSTON honour'd, and his Mind preferr'd,
And with the Worthies of his Race interr'd.

Thou who gave one green Sprig to matchless BEN,
And HOMER made indebted to thy Pen !
Shew'd HORACE with that Judgment which he sung,
And OVID's Love flow'd mended from thy Tongue:

xxii T H E L I F E O F

So soft you tun'd the rural MARO's Lays,
That AMARYLLIS must have deign'd to praise:
Thou didst not catch alone the Fire and Rage
Of JUVENAL, to grace thy nervous Page,
But turn'd it loose to scourge a frantic Age.
And yet in all such gentle manners shone,
That modest Virtue claim'd thee for her own,
How old in Virtue, yet how young in Time,
Oh! hadst thou liv'd the steep of life to climb,
Fame had exalted thy immortal Verse,
For Worlds to honour, and thy Praise rehearse!
Free in Expression, and in Knowledge deep:
No lazy Smoothness lull'd thy Thoughts to Sleep!
No leaden Numbers floated down thy Stream
Of HELICON, but with a furious Theme,
And rapid verse, bore flimsy Rhime before,
And drove corrected Dulness from the Shore;
So keen in Satire, and so clear in wit,
KINGS shall be proud to own what OLDHAM writ.

P R E F A C E.

A just Critick should be as impartial and upright as a sound Judge. A Judge of unshaken Honour and Integrity, should not be biaſſed by any partial Feelings; his Decree upon all Cauſes ſhould flow immediately from the Heart; unſullied by Prejudice, and not mudded by the Humour and Colour of the Times. In like Manner a Critick in his Garret, ſurrounded with Cobwebs, as fine and laſting as Penelope's web, ſhould act on his three-legged ſtool, and the Bellows his Deſk, with the ſame Candour, Truth, Honour, and Impartiality, as the Judge in his Elbow Chair, robed in the Ermine Pride of his Office and Appointment. The Judgment of the Judge condemns, or releaſes the Priſoner; the Decree of the Critick condemns, or recommends the Author. But let the Caſe be ever ſo criminal, would not that Judge be culpable, who ſhould condemn an accuſed and ſuſpected Perſon before he ſaw him, and queſtioned him on the Crime for which he was committed. In like Manner that Critick muſt be cenſured, who can wantonly condemn an

Author and his Work, before they appear in the World; unless the Infamy of their Function entitles them in a free State, to the infamous Authority and Appellation of Inquisitors General. My Intentions of republishing the Works of Mr. *Oldham*, can never appear out of a lucrative or honorary View: but through a generous Intention of snatching from the Ruins of Time an Author of Wit, Learning, Judgment, and Genius: Not that I mean by any prefatory Praise to heighten the Poet in the Opinion of the World; enough has been already said by his Contemporaries; therefore my Encomiums on his Life and Works would be as trivial, as the Cenfures of the *Critical Reviewers*. When I sent the *Sailor's Letters* abroad into the World, they immediately became like their Master, —the Sport of every wanton Blast,—and amongst the repeated Storms which assailed them, they could never think of escaping a periodical Hurricane from the Critical Quarter; but how far they had a Right to condemn Mr. *Oldham's* Works, or the Editor, before they were submitted to the View of the World, I leave to the Decision of the Just and Generous. By republishing Mr. *Oldham's* Remains, with no other Addition than some historical Notes, cannot appear to be thought a View of Fame; and

from the small Knowledge the World entertains of the Author, a Sale could never be extensive enough to gain any great Emolument; therefore I meant a Tribute to his Memory, for I admire the Writings and the Character of the Man; and if any other Gentlemen will do him more Justice and Honour, I will return him my most sincere thanks. It is hard to define from what Cause we became such inveterate Enemies, but we are certainly parallel Lines, opposite, and determined to oppose, upon all Occasions: For my own Part, I declare a perpetual War against the two Reviews; a Set of Men, who can trample on the Laws of Wit, Genius, Honour, and Truth, with the same Ease as they can scribble. Although these very Inquisitors, on some of my *anonymous Compositions*, have bestowed the most elaborate Praise, declaring my Poetry and Similies not only *fine*, but even *elegant* and *beautiful*. If the Reader is not Curious enough to attend to these Invectives, let him proceed to much better Matter, in the Compositions of Mr. *Oldham*.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE
TWO REVIEWS.

EDWARD, by the Grace of PHOEBUS, Prince of
Pindus, Helicon, and Parnassus, Bard, Defender
of the Rights of Poets, &c. &c.

Be it for evermore known unto you, ye hirelings
of Ink, Scriblers to the two *Reviews*, that we in
our Hearts and Minds declare ye Enemies to the
Sons of *Apollo*, and as such wage an eternal War
with ye and Dullness; declaring before the
Threshold of *Jove's* Court, in the Presence of
Phœbus and the whole *Pantheon*, that we will never
let our Pens dry, nor sheath the literary Instru-
ments of War, until like the Jesuits, we have ex-
tirpated your whole Gang, confiscated your Presses,
and drove you and your Devils to the Shades of
endless Darkness, beyond the sleepy Pool of Ob-
livion.

Given under our Hands, this 12th day of
June, 1769, at our Court of Castaly.

EDWARD.

No Person can have reasons to doubt (unless a Reviewer) the private or moral Character of Mr. *John Oldham*, when we find him in the early Part of a College Life esteemed for his Goodness, Sobriety, and Virtue ; nor can even a *Reviewer* dispute the Integrity of his Manners, when he was three Years Usher to a publick School, and successively Tutor to the Youth of three distinguished Families ; nor dare they have the brazen Impudence to carp at his Abilities, when he was privately visited in an obscure Retreat by those Men of profound Wit, Genius, and Learning, *Dorset, Rochester, Sedley, Denham, &c.* esteemed till the Day of his Death by them and many more. However, of later Days, few Men, with even Talents superior to Mr. *Oldham*, have left their Characters so highly applauded and recorded. Mr. *Dryden* honoured his Genius and his Friendship ; and the following Lines add more to his Honour, than Volumes of Fallacies written by such Pedlars of Criticism.

Farewel too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own ;
For sure our Souls were near ally'd ; and thine
Cast in the same poetick Mould with mine.

O early ripe ! to thy abundant Store,
What could advancing Age have added more.
It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
Have taught the Smoothness of thy native Tongue.
But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine
Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.
Once more, hail and farewell ; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue ;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurel bound ;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

J. DRYDEN.

Was there ever a Head of your Asses Herd de-
served one Word of such Praise ; or have your Souls
a Ray of Friendship to entitle you to the subsequent
Characters.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
I mourn his Death, the Loss of such a Friend ;
But for himself, he died in the best Hour,
And carried with him every Man's Applause.

ANONYMOUS.

Never did Soul of a cœlestial Birth
Inform a purer Piece of Earth.
————— Even thou,

Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
In the Records of her immortal Book.

FLATMAN.

Death is thy Gain,—that Thought affects me most
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has lost,
For Wit with thee expir'd, &c.

TATE.

His Wit in his immortal Verse appears,
Many his Virtues were, though few his Years ;
Adieu, thou modest Type of perfect Man, &c.

DURFEE.

Your daily Pleasure, and your nightly Theme,
Is now no more ; the Youth is dead ;
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled ;
In Love how soft, in Satire how severe ;
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere :
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in delight,
An easy Thought, with a *Mæonian* flight ;

ANDREWS.

Horace in sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Byblis* must each Heart engage !

Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
 Would flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire;
 Humble, tho' courted, and what's rare to see,
 Of wond'rous Worth, yet wond'rous Modesty.
 So far from Ostentation did he seem,
 That he was meanest in his own Esteem.

ANDREWS.

Wit was the Theme, which he did well describe,
 With Modesty unusual to his Tribe, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
 Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.
 Oh noble *Kingston!* had thy lovely Guest,
 With a long Stock of Youth and Life been blest;
 But oh the Date is short of mighty Worth,
 And Angels never tarry long on Earth.

WOOD.

How vain are those who would obscure thy Fame,
 By giving out thy Verse was rough and lame;
 They would have Satire their Compassion move,
 And writ so pliant, nicely, soft, and smooth,
 As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love. }

But who, of Beaux, and Knaves, and Fools would
sing,

Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring ;

For 'tis no Satire, if it has no Sting ;

In short, who in that Field would famous be,

Must think and write like JUVENAL and THEE.

GOULD.

To these immortal Testimonies of his Ability and Character, let us add the private Friendship and Esteem shewn him by the Earl of *Kingston*, who interred his Body, attended his Funeral as chief Mourner, and erected an elegant Monument to his Memory, with that Inscription mentioned in his Life.

Tell me, ye Cowards, who skulk until the Close of Day, and are afraid to confess your paltry Occupations ; like Spanish Bravoës, stab Genius in the Dark, and censure Characters for Hire. Is there a Man among ye can produce a Satire like Mr. *Oldham's* ? Or have you one Friend to bestow an Elegy, a Coffin, a Monument, or an Inscription ? Can ye boast the Acquaintance of Men of Learning, Noblemen, or even Men of Character ? Can you live like *Oldham*, write like him, think



like him, or die like him? But how ungenerous, how beneath the Character of a Critic, to attack the Characters of the Dead. My *Sailors Letters* were open to your Censure, and you poured your hottest Venom upon them, which greatly raised their Fame, helped them through two Editions, and for which the Publisher is highly obliged to you. But Mr. *Oldham's* Works were only advertised; now they are published; tear them, mangle them, exert your utmost Gall to destroy them in the Opinion of the World; rave, rant, and worry; be scurrilous; be yourselves; be literally Knaves; your Rage and Indignation will be as vain as the Waves in a Storm on a rocky Coast; you will blow your Blast; *Oldham* will stand unshaken, and I, his Editor, when neither a *Review* or a *Reviewer* are remembered.

OLDHAM to a *Reviewer*, or *Printer of a Review*.

Dull and unthinking, hadst thou none but ME
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy!
Perhaps thou hop'dst that thy Obscurity
Should be thy Safe-guard, and secure thee free.
Know, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like sentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about;

Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
I mean to hang, and gibbet up thy Name.

The Plague of Poets, Rags and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arrests, and Serjeants light on thee ;
For others bound, mayst thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoe :
And mayst thou never from a Jail get free,
Till thou swear out thyself by Perjury :
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitiless, and poor
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore.
Mayst thou an Halter want for thy Redrefs,
Forc'd to steal Hemp to end thy Miseries,
And damn thyself to baulk the Hangman's Fees. }

Mr. *Oldham* most certainly forsook some Scribbler
would attack his Memory, and compos'd the above
Lines for me to present them, whenever the Wretch
durst crawl from his Den ; as such, I *present* my
Compliments to the sage *Critical Reviewer*, and beg
his Perusal of the above Card.

In the Course of my Residence in *London*, I have
once or twice by the greatest Chance discovered
some Authors of the Reviews, particularly after Mrs
Churchill had published his *Apology to the Author of*

F



the Critical Review, when many, ashamed of the Occupation, crawled out as silent as possible for fear of being gibbeted up to Shame by that incomparable Satirist; particularly Mr. M—, who considering the Force he had to oppose with his small Army, made a wise, safe, and prudent Retreat. Mr. R—, a Schoolmaster at *Chiswick*, finding the Way grew dirty, resigned in favour of the Reverend Mr. L—, who had then an Opportunity of dragging himself up the Hill of Fame, by cooing Praises on his own EFFUSIONS; but this Gentleman being rather deservedly and severely handled by Mr. *Churchill*, grew more mild in the decline of his reign.

Critics commence, and write in the Reviews,
Write without tremor, *Griffiths* cannot read;
No fool can fail, when *Langhorn* can succeed.

CHURCHILL'S Independence.

One Morning Mr. L— paid a formal Visit to the *Bishop of Gloucester*, for his Lordship's Opinion of a Tragedy he had written: his Lordship, after bestowing some uncommon Encomiums on the Composition, asked Mr. L— how he could degrade himself, and prostitute his Pen by being con-

cerned in so infamous a work as a *Review*? After which Interview, we find Mr. L—, for his *Theodosius* to *Constantia*, and some well-timed Dedications, presented with the Degree of *Doctor of Divinity*, and made Preacher to *Lincoln's-Inn* Chapel. And we conclude from these Circumstances, that he *resigned* his Post of a Reviewer. I suppose Mr. L— took the Advice of his Lordship, as the Character of a Reviewer was incompatible with the office of Divinity, the one being all Mildness, Meekness, Christian Charity, and Goodwill towards Men; the other scurrilous Abuse, Fallacies, Detraction, Backbiting, Scandal, and Defamation. The next *Gentleman* I met with was Mr, *William Guthry* (who now styles himself *Esquire*) who the *Lieutenants* of the Navy had judiciously chosen to be their Secretary, to draw up their Petitions and Memorials to the King, the Duke of *York*, Lord *Bute*, &c. for an Increase of Half-pay; for which great Service he received fifty Pounds. At this time Mr. *Guthry* was in disgrace for his *Peerage*, which, like the *Tale of the Bear and Fiddle*, began, but broke off in the Middle, to the Disappointment of those Subscribers who had paid their Money: But Mr. *Guthry* made so many egregious Blunders, by marrying two Men toge-

ther, two Women together, making Males pregnant, and Females bring forth after they were dead, that Mr. *Churchill*, for the sake of the Public, generously made Mr. *Guthrie's quietus* by the following humorous Lines :

Is there not *Guthrie*, who like him, can call
 All Opposites to proof, and conquer all ?
 He calls forth living Waters from the Rock :
 He calls forth Children from a barren Stock ;
 He far beyond the Springs of Nature led,
 Makes Women bring forth after they are dead ;
 He on a curious, new, and happy Plan,
 In Wedlock's sacred Bands joins Man to Man ;
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, yet true,
 By some rare Magic, makes them fruitful too ;
 Whilst from their Loins, in the due Course of Years,
 Flows the rich Blood of *Guthrie's English Peers*.

The AUTHOR, p. 40.

Mr. *Churchill* had not been dead two Years, before this *Genius* wakes from his Trance, and crawls along, lean, lank Ghost out of his Sepulchre, commences Reviewer, and issues Proposals for a History of *Scotland* in Numbers, and by his own happy Recommendation of it, proves it to be superior to any



thing extant. But, in pity to the Public, I shall make use of proper Exorcisms for the laying of this *Ghost*, whose Works are absolutely as much a Shadow as himself; and though he takes so much Pains by dating his Proposals from *London*, to convince the World of his Existence, yet I assure you he is as dead as *Patridge* the Almanack-maker. I therefore suppose, to carry on the Deception the better, he has rejected plain *William Guthrie*, for *William Guthrie, Esq*; but be assured, good Folks, he is as much an Apparition as that “WILLIAM who stood
“ at *Margaret's * Feet*.”

So despicable is the Character of a Drawcanfir grown, that to my Knowledge the Proptietors of the *Review* have waited on many Men of Letters, to be assisnt in the periodical Work without Success: promising them much solid Pudding, against empty Praise. Upon my Return to *London*, I shall make it my Business to ferret out the rest of these literary Rats; concluding this Subject with an Anecdote which passed in a *Bookfeller's Shop*. One Day, mentioning to an *extempore* Bookseller my intentions

* I suppose the next *Review* will assert, it was *Margaret* stood at *William's Feet*.

of republishing Mr. *Oldham's* Works, a lean, tall, yellow, political, periodical Poet, in a low sepulchred Tone, uttered, or seemed to utter, the subsequent execrable *Pun*; "You had better take away the *Ham*, Sir, and leave the *Old*." To which the Bookseller replied, "You appear to me, Sir, as if Bread and *Ham* had been taken from you these ten Years." And it vanished.

I shall now discharge this Subject with a *Billet-doux* in Verse, assuring these Reviewers, it shall be the Labour of my Hands and Head to reform, correct, and chastise them upon all Occasions, and wherever I meet them.

A BILLET-DOUX, to the CRITICAL REVIEW.

Thompson presents this gentle *Billet-doux*,
 To the Compilers of that chaste Review :
 He is their Foe, such to the World he writ,
 Since they have wag'd eternal War with Wit.
 With them he wages now immortal War,
 Genius commands in a triumphant Car ;
 His Troops bold flashing Satires, fit to tear
 Down *Presses*, and to feed the bawdy Air

With blotted dismal Reams of inky Hue,
Nor spare one paultry Page of one Review !
Terms of Capitulation won't be heard,
Nor will his Heart by Poet's Tears be stirr'd ;
Pens, Ink, and Paper, Printers, Devils all,
Shall, by one general Crush, in Ruin fall :
He'll give no Quarters to the Critick Cry,
No Vestige shall remain beneath the Sky ;
Poppies shall flourish where their Presses stood,
And ev'ry Dunce be hid in native mud.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author might here (according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Discourse of the Original, Progress, and Rules of *Satire*, and let him understand, that he has lately read *Casaubon*, and several other Criticks upon the Point; but at present he is minded to wave it, as a Vanity he is in no wise fond of. His only Intent now is, to give a brief account of what he publishes, in order to prevent what Censures he foresees may colourably be past thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the *Prologue*, is an Imitation of *Perfius*, who has prefixed somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satires, and may serve for pretty good Authority. The first Satire he drew by *Sylla's Ghost* in the great *Jonson**, which may be perceived by some Strokes and Touches therein, however short they come of the Original. In the second, he only followed the Swing of his own Ge-

* See *Cataline*, a Tragedy, by *Ben Jonson*.

nus, the Design, and some Passages of the *Franciscan* of *Buchanan* †. Which ingenions Confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has more Modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these Times. He doubts there may be some few Mistakes in Chronology therein, which for Want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that Score. Whence he had the Hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with *Horace*. And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects that some will tax him of Buffoonery, and turning holy Things into Ridicule. But let them read how severely *Arnobius*, *Lactantius*, *Minutius Felix*, and the gravest *Fathers*, have rallied the Fopperies and Superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider, whether those which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of Laughter. The only Difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem, (which is the most liable to Censure) though the World has given it the

† Vid. *Buchanani Poemata, Franciscani & Fratres*.

Name of the *Satire* against *Virtue*, he declares it was never designed to that Intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the Sense to understand it. It was meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts, in praising Vice ; and to shew that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same Liberty in Poetry, could strain as high Rants in Profaneness as they. At first he intended it not for the Publick, nor to pass beyond the Privacy of two or three Friends, but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his Knowledge ; he now thinks it a Justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those Faults, which it has suffered from Transcribers and the Press hitherto, and which make it a worse *Satire* upon himself, than upon what it was designed.

Something should be said too of the last Trifle *, if it were worth it. It was occasioned upon reading the late Translations of *Ovid's Epistles*, which gave him a Mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already forestalled, he

* The *Passion of Byblis*.

has thought fit to make Choice of the same Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much Liberty. Had he seen Mr. *Sandy's* Translation * before he began, he never durst have ventured : Since he has, and finds Reason enough to despair of his Undertaking. But now it is done, he is loth to burn it, and chuses rather to give somebody else the Trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases ; either like it, or put it to the Use of Mr. *Jordan's* Works †. It is the first attempt he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his Vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another Way.

* Of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*. † A scribbling Player in the Reign of King *Charles I.* who wrote four very indifferent Dramatic Pieces ; 1. *The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, with the Humours of Wood-street Compter.* 2. *Money's an Ass.* 3. *Fancy's Festivals.* 4. *Messalina,* a Tragedy.

T O T H E

MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

Farewel, too little, and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think and call my own,
 For sure our Souls were near ally'd ; and thine
 Cast in the same Poetick Mould with mine :
 One common Note on either Lyre did strike,
 And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike :
 To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,
 The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
 Thus *Nisus* * fell upon the slippery Place,
 While his young Friend perform'd and won the Race.
 O early ripe ! to thy abundant Store
 What could advancing Age have added more ?
 It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
 Have taught the Smoothness of thy native Tongue.

* *Nisus*, famous in *Virgil* for his Friendship with *Euryalus*, with whom he lost his Life ; the moving Account of which see in *Virgil's* Ninth Book of his *Æneis*.

ON MR. OLDHAM'S DEATH. · xlv

But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine
Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.
A noble Error, and but seldom made,
When Poets are by too much Force betray'd.
Thy gen'rous Fruits, tho' gather'd ere their Prime,
Still shew'd a Quickness ; and maturing Time, }
But mellows what we write, to the dull Sweets of }
Rhime.

Once more hail, and farewell ; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue ;
Thy Brows with Ivy and with Laurels bound ;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

JOHN DRYDEN.

AUTHORI EPITAPHIUM.

*H*æc, ô Viator, marmore cunctiæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviae brevem
 Viventis (ob ! sors dura) vitam,
 Præcoce cælum animâ petentis.

*Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diù,
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus
 Effloruit, portisque mille
 Præpes iter patefecit altum.*

*Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,
 Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,
 Oxonii coluit Parentis.*

*Hic quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepi, Vellera candida,
 Collati Honoris signa, necnon,
 Innocui simulacra cordis.*

AUTHORI EPITAPHIUM. xlvii

*Sed manè montis summa cacumina
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Inſedit, atque ore multo
Ipſum Heliconæ ſcatere vidit.*

*Nunc pura veri Flumina perſpicit,
Nunc mira Mundi ſemina concipit,
Pulchraſque primævi figuras,
In ſpeculo ſpecies, creante.*

*At Tu, Viator, Numina poſcito,
- Ut diſſolutis reliquiis, vāga
Dum mens remigret, detur — ah ! fit
Terra levis, placidusque ſomnus.*

V E R S E S

ON THE DEATH OF

M R. J O H N O L D H A M.

B Y S E V E R A L H A N D S.

A P I N D A R I C P A S T O A L O D E.

U ndoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miserable *Astragon*!

Thou art condemn'd alone,
To bear the Burden of a wretched Life ;
Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,
While all thy Bosom Friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.

Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleasure of thine Eyes,

Dear *Alexis* went away,

With an invincible Surprise ;
Th' angelic Youth early dislik'd this State,
And chearfully submitted to his Fate,
Never did Soul of a celestial Birth
Inform a purer Piece of Earth.

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. xlix

O that 'twere not in vain
To wish, what's past might be retriev'd again ?
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And crown'd with pregnant Joys thy Silver Hairs,
Lov'd to this Day among the living Sons of Men.

And thou, my Friend, hast left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even thou,
Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
In the Records of her immortal Book ;
Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satire, that the frantic Age
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetic Rage.
Th'untutor'd World in After-times
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th'instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban*
Lyre,
Could savage Souls, with manly Thoughts inspire,
Menalcas worthy was to live,
Say you, his Fellow-Shepherds that survive,

d

I V E R S E S O N T H E

Tell me, you mournful Swains,
 Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,
 In all these pensive Plains,
 A gentler Shepherd, with a braver Mind?
 Which of you all did more majestic show,
 Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more
 The Loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore :
 He's altogether blest ;
 Where no Clouds overwhelm his Breast,
 No Midnight-Cares can break his Rest ;
 For all is everlasting, chearful Dawn.
 The Poet's Bliss, there shall he long possess,
 Perfect Ease, and soft Recess ;
 The treach'rous World no more shall him deceive,
 Of Hope and Fortune he has taken leave :
 And now in mighty triumph does he reign,
 (His head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
 O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spite,
 And the dull wealthy Fool's Disdain.
 Thrice happy he, that dies the Muse's Friend,
 He needs no *Obelisk*, no Pyramid
 His sacred Dust to hide,
 He needs not for his Mem'ry to provide ;
 For he might well foresee his Praise can never end.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

I N

MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR.

Take this short-summon'd, loose, unfinish'd Verse,
 Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Herse,
 From my sick Thoughts thou canst no better crave,
 Who scarce drag life, and envy thee thy Grave.
 Me *Phæbus* always faintly did inspire,
 And gave my narrow Breast more scanty Fire.
 My *Hybla* Muse through humble Meads sought Spoil,
 Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;
 Yet when some Friend's just Fame did Theme afford,
 Her Voice amongst the tow'ring Swans was heard,
 In vain for such Attendants now I call,
 My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;
 Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of thee
 Was equal to thy Worth, and Love for me.
 Death is thy Gain,—that Thought affects me most,
 I care not what th'ill-natur'd World has lost;
 For Wit with thee expir'd: How shall I grieve,
 Who grudge th'ungrateful Age what thou didst
 leave?

The tribute of their Verse let others send,
 And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.

Enjoy thy Fate—thy Predecessors come,
Cowley, and *Butler*, to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?
For such Rewards, what Task will Authors shun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?

Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;
So well tun'd here on Earth, to our *Apollo's* Praise;
Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen
Performs for thee, what thou hast done for *Homer*
and for *Ben*.

N. TATE.

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lii

M R. D U R F E Y

TO HIS FRIEND

M R. J O H N O L D H A M.

Obscure and cloudy did the Day appear,
As Heav'n design'd to blot it from the Year:
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,
At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me :
Possess'd with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumour told me that my Friend was dead.
That *Oldham*,—honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a sweet Blossom, from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting ev'ry Eye
In his rare Garden of Philosophy.
The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,
And all my Grievs were doubled at the News :
For we, with mutual Arms of Friendship strove,
Friendship, the true and solid Part of Love ;
And he so many Graces had in Store,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verse appears,
Many his Virtues were, though few his Years,

Which were so spent, as if by Heav'n contriv'd,
To lash the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its sacred Quality.
Inspir'd above, and could command each Passion,
Had all the Wit, without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature still possess'd his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breast controul:
Modest as Virgins, that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;
And easy as his Numbers, that sublime
His lofty Strains, and beautify his Rhime.
Till ignominious Times inspir'd his Pen,
And rous'd the drowsy Satire from his Den;
Then flutt'ring Fops were his Aversion still,
And felt the Pow'r of his satiric Quill.
The Spark, whose Noise proclaims his empty Pate,
That struts along the *Mall* with antic Gate;
And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
Who, on the Age, look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,
And, as he well could judge, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer*, he with Care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. 17

Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew :
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But proud to know he understood it well.
Adieu, thou modest Type of perfect Man ;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning, been eclips'd so soon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon :
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n, from whence thy *Genius* came,
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality.
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below,
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.

Thus worldly Merit has this World's Regard ;
But Poets, in the next, have their Reward ;
And Heav'n, in *Oldham's* Fortune, seem'd to shew,
No Recompence was good enough below :
So to prevent the World's ungrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. DURFEE,

O N

T H E D E A T H

O F

M R. J O H N O L D H A M,

Hark! is it only my prophetic Fear,
 Or some Death's sad Alarum I do hear?
 By all my Doubts, 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell;
 It rings aloud, Eternally farewell:
 Farewel, thou mighty *Genius* of our Isle,
 Whose forward Parts made all our Nations smile,
 In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conspire,
 And Nature gaz'd as if she did admire,
 How such few Years such Learning could acquire,
 Nay, seem'd concern'd that we should hardly find
 So sharp a Pen, and so serene a Mind.
 Oh then lament! let each distracted Breast
 With universal Sorrow be possest.
 Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your Songs give o'er,
 For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
 He whom ye tutor'd from his infant Years,
 Cold, pale, and ghastly as the Grave appears:

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lvii

He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murm'ring Stream,
Your daily Pleasure, and your nightly Theme,
Is now no more ; the Youth, the Youth is dead ;
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled ;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known ;
No sooner seen, but in a Moment gone :
Like to some tender Plant, which rear'd with
Care,

At length becomes most fragrant, and most fair ;
Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain, }
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm, or Rain ; }
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain. }

But Oh ! my Friend, must we no more rehearse
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse ?
In Love how soft, in Satire how severe !
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere :
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easy Thought, with a *Mæonian* Flight ;
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Byblis* must each Heart engage !
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Would flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire.
Humble, tho' courted, and what's rare to see,
Of wond'rous Worth, yet wond'rous Modesty.

So far from Ostentation did he seem,
 That he was meanest in his own Esteem.
 Alas! young Man, why wert thou made to be
 At once our Glory, and our Misery?
 Our Misery, in losing thee, is more
 Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
 For should a Soul celestial Joys possess,
 And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,
 Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?
 The Bliss once tasted, but augments the Pain:
 Thus having once so great a Prize in thee,
 How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?
 For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,
 What if thou'adst liv'd, O what had been thy
 Praise? }
 Eternal Wreaths of never-dying Bays:
 But those are due already to thy Name,
 Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame:
 And tho' thy great Remains to Ashes turn, }
 With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,
 Which, like sepulchral Lamps, shall ever burn. }

But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see thee rove
 Through the smooth Paths of Plenty, Peace, and
 Love;

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. Lix

Where *Ben* salutes thee first, o'erjoy'd to see
The Youth that sung his Fame and Memory :
Great *Spenser* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a panegyric Strain :
Adonis—is the Joy of all the Plain.

}

THO. ANDREWS.

LX V E R S E S O N T H E
 D A M O N.
 A N
 E C L O G U E,
 O N T H E

UNTIMELY DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM.

CORIDON.

ALEXIS.

Beneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds fate,
 And talk'd of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.
 Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease,
 For sometimes Melancholy's self does please;
 Like *Philomels*, abandon'd to Distress,
 Yet ev'n their Grievs in Musick they express,
 C. I'll sing no more, since Verses want a Charm,
 The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:
 At least I'll touch this useless Pipe no more,
 Unless, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades restore.

 A. Rather, like *Orpheus*, celebrate your Friend,
 And, with your Musick, Hell itself suspend:

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. 1x1

Tax *Proserpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And sing of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.

C. When *Damon* sung, he sung with such a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London* Brutes did gaze !
Sharp was his Satire, nor allay'd with Gall :
'Twas Rage, 'twas gen'rous Indignation all.

A. Oh ! had he liv'd, and to perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be shown ;
He would have charm'd their Sense a nobler Way,
Taught Virgins how to sigh, and Priests to pray.

C. Let Priests and Virgins then to him address,
And, in their Songs, their Gratitude express,
While we, that know the Worth of easy Verse,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herse.

A. *Codrus*, you know, that sacred Badge does
wear,
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there ;
But since no Merit can strike Envy dumb,
Do you, with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.

C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected
Rhime,
Majestic, sad, and suited to the Time,
His Name to future Ages consecrate,
By praising of his Muse, and mourning of his
Fate.

lxi
 VERSES ON THE

A. Alas ! I never must pretend to this,
 My Pipe scarce knows a Tune but what is his :
 Let future Ages then for *Damon's* Sake,
 From his own Works a just *Idea* take.

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be shown,
 And from his meanest Part his Size be known,

C. 'Twill be your Duty then to set it down. }

A. Once, and but once, (so Heav'n and Fate
 ordain)

I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
 Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
 And tho' I know you not, you must be he :
 Too long already we have Strangers been,
 This Day, at least, our Friendship must begin.
 Let Bus'ness, that perverse Intruder, wait,
 To be above it, is, poetical and great.

Then with *Affyrian* Nard our Heads did shine,
 While rich *Sabaean* Spice exalts the Wine ;
 Which to a just Degree our Spirits fir'd ;
 But he was by a greater God inspir'd :
 Wit was the Theme, which he did well de-
 scribe,

With Modesty unusual to his Tribe.
 But as with om'nous Doubts, and aching Heart,
 When Lovers, after first Enjoyment, part,

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxiii

Not half content ; for this was but a Taste,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew so fast,
They vow a Friendship that shall ever last.
So we ;—but Oh how much am I accurs'd !
To think that this last Office is my First,

}

OCCASIONED BY THE

P U B L I C A T I O N

O F T H E S E

P O E M S,

A N D T H E

DEATH OF THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR.

Curs'd be the Day when first this goodly Isle
Vile Books and uselefs Thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,
When all is Pain, and Wearinefs at best :
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treach'rous Fancy dances on before :
Pleas'd with our Danger, still we stumble on,
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own Ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Herefy,
Avoid the nasty *learned* Dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghills did.

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxv.

The Want of Dulness will the World undo,
 'Tis Learning makes us mad, and Rebels too.
 Learning's a Jilt, which while we do display,
 Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away :
 That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
 And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
 Worse than the Pox or scolding Woman, fly
 The aukward Madness of Philosophy.
 That *Bedlam Beds*, RELIGION, never more
 Fantastic, pye-ball'd, antic Dresses wore,
 Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame ;
 'Tis Folly christen'd, with a modish Name.
 Let dull Divinity no more delight ;
 It spoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*,
 The chief Professors, to Preferment fly,
 By Cringe and Scrape, the basest *Simony*.
 The humble Clown will best the Gospel teach,
 And *inspir'd* Ign'rance sounder Doctrines preach.
 A Way to Heav'n mere Nature well does show,
 Which Reasoning and Disputes can never know.
 Yet still proud Tyrant *Sense* in Pomp appears,
 And claims a Tribute of full threescore Years.
 Sew'd in a Sack with Darkness circled round,
 Each Man must be with *Snakes* and *Monkies* drown'd ;
 Laborious Folly, and compendous Art,
 To waste that Life, whose longest Date's too short.

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c

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Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
 What Death unravels soon, and renders vain,
 We blindly hurry on in mystic Ways,
 Nor wisely tread the Paths of solid Praise.
 There's nought deserves one precious Drop of
 Sweet,
 But Poetry, the noblest Gift of Fate,
 Which, after Death, does a more lasting Life beget.
 Not that which sudden, frantic Heats produce,
 Where Wine, and Pride, not Heav'n, shall raise the
 Muse.

Not that small Stock which does Translators make,
 That Trade poor Bankrupt-Poetafters take:
 But such, when God his *Fiat* did express,
 And pow'rful Numbers wrought an Universe,
 With such, great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
 That even *Saul*, and *Madness* could admire.
 With such great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
 'That *David*'s Lamentation sung so well,
Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
 Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the World's Delight.
 Sometimes, in boundless keenest Satire bold,
 Sometimes, as soft as those Love-tales he told.
 That Vice could praise, and Virtue too disgrace;
 The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxvii

Scarce *Cowley* such Pindaric Soaring knew,
 Yet by his Reader still was kept in view.
 His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above,
 And bearing Thunder, still would upward move.
 Oh noble *Kingston!* had thy lovely Guest,
 With a large Stock of Youth, and Life been blest;
 Not all thy Greatness, or thy Virtues store,
 Had surer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.
 But Oh! the Date is short, of mighty Worth,
 And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
 His Soul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame,
 To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
 And, spite of what Mankind have long believ'd,
 My Creed says, only Poet's can be sav'd,
 That God has only for a Number staid,
 To stop the Breach, which Rebel Angels made;
 For none their Absence can so well supply:
 They are all o'er Seraphic Harmony,
 Then, and God not till then, the World shall burn,
 And its base Drofs, Mankind, their Fortune mourn, }
 While all to their old Nothing quick return.
 The peevish Critic then shall be asham'd,
 And, for the *Sins* of Vanity, be damn'd.

T. WOOD.

Oxen, May 20, 1684.

lxviii V E R S E S O N T H E

O N

T H E D E A T H

O F

M R. O L D H A M.

A P A S T O R A L.

On the Remains of an old blasted Oak,
Unmindful of himself, *Menalcas* lean'd ;
He fought not now in Heat the Shades of Trees,
But shun'd the flowing River's pleasing Bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass :
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting State young *Corydon*,
(His Friend, and dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

C O R Y D O N.

Thee have I fought in ev'ry shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxix

Where we have us'd to fit, and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent ?
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind,
And why wilt thou have Woes unknown to me ?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend :
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

MENALCAS.

Young *Astrophel* is dead, dear *Astrophel*,
He that could tune so well his charming Pipe :
To hear whose Lays, Nymphs left their crystal
Spring,
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forsook the Woods,
And hearing, all were ravish'd : Swiftest Streams
With-held their Course, to hear the heav'nly Sound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on,
The following Waves forcing their Way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly, certain of his Prey,
Left the Pursuit, rather than lose the Sound
Of his alluring Pipe : The harmless Lamb
Forgot his Nature, and forsook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf, and listen'd to the Sound,
He could command a gen'ral Peace, and Nature
would obey.

lxx V E R S E S O N T H E

This Youth, this Youth is dead, the same Disease
That carry'd sweet *Orinda* * from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Astrophel* ! Oh let these Tears
Be offer'd to the Mem'ry of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

C O R Y D O N .

Weep on, *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind : General the Loss,
And general the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not, but surely this is he,
Who sung learn'd *Colin's* † or great *Ægon's* ‡ Praise?
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented *Bion's* || Death,
Equal in Verse to what great *Bion* wrote ?

M E N A L C A S .

Yes, this was he (oh that I say he was)
He that could sing the Shepherd's Deeds so well,
Whether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,
Or lasht th'egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both he did excel. ———
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,

* *Mrs. Katharine Philips.* † *Spenser.*
‡ *Ben Jonson.* || *The Earl of Rochester.*

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxxi

And dictated more fast than he could write ;
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own ;
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

CORYDON.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer Thread,
Adding Experience to that wond'rous Fraught
Of youthful Vigour, how would he have wrote !

MENALCAS.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares ;
I mourn his Death, the Loss of such a Friend ;
But for himself, he died in the best Hour,
And carry'd with him ev'ry Man's Applause,
Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting Hand,
Nor suffers aught from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have seen the world
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face ;
Malice had watched the droppings of his Pen ;
And ign'rant Youths, who would for Critics pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Vein,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my dear *Astrophel* : He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him. What's Death,

1xxii V E R S E S O N T H E

But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;
Wrapt in a lasting Darkneſs, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and every idle Paſſion ?

C O R Y D O N.

See, thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Aſtrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round thee gaze,
And wonder at thy Mourning : Drive them home,
And tempt thy troubled Mind with eaſing Sleep,
To-morrow's chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxxiii

T O
T H E M E M O R Y
O F

M R. J O H N O L D H A M.

But that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too busy with immutable Decree,
I could, dear Friend, have blam'd thy cruel Fate,
That let such Sweetness have so short a Date!
The Flow'rs with which the *Meads* are dress'd so
gay,
And are to fade so quickly,—live a Day;
Thou in the Noon of life wert snatch'd away!
Cropt from the Stalk with all thy Verdure on!
Yet not before thy Verse had Wonders shown
And made at once all future Times thy own.

The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine;
They quickly perish'd; yours are still the same,
A lambent, but an everlasting Flame;
Which something so resistless did impart,
It never pass'd the Ear, but reach'd the Heart;

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lxxiv V E R S E S O N T H E

Unlike the Wretch that strives to get Esteem,
 And thinks it fine, and jaunty, to blaspheme,
 Nor can be witty but when God's the Theme:
 Mistaken Men, (but such thou didst despise)
 That must be wicked to be counted wise.
 Thy Converse from this reigning Vice was free;
 And yet 'twas truly all that Wit could be:
 None had it, but ev'n with a tear does own
 The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But while we thus thy native Sweetness sing,
 We ought not to forget thy native Sting.
 Thy Satire spar'd no Grievances, or Crimes;
 Satire! the best Reformer of the Times:
 While different Sects eternally contest,
 And each will have his own Persuasion best,
 Then consequentially damns all the rest,
 Their Love to Gain, not Godliness, is shown;
 Heav'n's Work is left undone to do their own.

How vain are those that would obscure thy Fame
 By giving out, thy Verse was rough and lame?
 They would have Satire their Compassion move,
 And writ so pliant, nicely, soft, and smooth,
 As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love.
 But who, of Beaus, and Knaves, and Fools would
 sing,
 Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
 For 'tis no Satire, if it has no Sting;

DEATH OF MR. OLDHAM. lxxv

In short, who in that Field would famous be,
Must think and write like *Juvenal* and thee.

Let others boast of all the mighty Nine,
To make their Labours with more Lustre shine,
I had my *Oldham*, not a Muse, but thee ;
Ev'n thou wert all the mighty Nine to me !
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire, }
And warm'd it first with a poetic Fire ; }
But 'tis a Warmth that does with thee expire : }
For when the Sun is set,—that guides the Day,
The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

ROBERT GOULD.

(lxxvii)

C O N T E N T S

T O T H E

T H R E E V O L U M E S

O F

M R. O L D H A M ' S W O R K S.

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P R E F A C E
TO THE

MR. WILKES, hearing of my Intentions of publishing a new Edition of Mr. Oldham's Works, presents me in the Year 1769, with a Volume of this ingenious Author, which Book was the original Property of Mr. POPE, who, upon one of the blank Leaves makes the subsequent Observations, in his own Handwriting.

- " The most remarkable Works in this Author, are as follow here:
- " Fourth Satire on the Jesuits.
- " Satire on Virtue.
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We are apt to catch at the most trivial Observations of Men of illustrious Genius, and though the above Remarks are small, yet they are the good Opinion that Mr. Pope enters into of the good Opinion of Mr. Oldham, and his ingenious Composition.



S A T I R E S *

UPON THE

J S I T S. M

Pres.
peace?

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

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S A T I R E S *

UPON THE

J E S U I T S.

P R O L O G U E.

For who can longer hold? when every *Press*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
When every scribbling *Fool* at the Alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his Gall in *Pamphlets* up and down?
When all with Licence *rail*, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the *Plot*,
And bring his *Zeal* or else his Parts in Doubt?

* These Satires were written in the Year 1679.

VOL. I.

B

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
 In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose ;
 Mistaken honest Men, who gravely *blame*,
 And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.
 Are *Texts*, and such exploded *Trifles* fit
 T'impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit* ?
 Would they the dull old *Fishermen* compare.
 With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar* ?
 Such thread-bare *Proofs*, and stale *Authorities*
 May *Us* poor simple *Heretics* suffice :
 But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,
 Harden'd, as his own Face, with *Impudence*,
 Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom *Lies*,
 Nor *Nonsense*, nor *Impossibilities*,
 Nor *Shame*, nor *Death*, nor *Damning* can assail :
 Not these mild fruitless *Methods* will avail,
 'Tis pointed *Satire*, and the *Sharps* of *Wit*
 For such a *Prize* are th'only weapons fit :
 Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
 Where *Indignation* can create a *Muse* :
 Should *Part*, and *Nature* fail, yet very *Spite*
 Would make the arrant'st *Wild* * or *Withers* write.
 It is resolv'd : Henceforth an endless *War*,
 I and my *Muse* with them and theirs declare ;

* Two poor Poets, but zealous Rhimers against the
 Vices of their Times.

P R O L O G U E

Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Fees*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *St. Omer's Dase*;
Nor all that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd and sworn revenge deter.

Sooner shall false *Court-Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their King's and Country's Trust:
Sooner shall they detect the Tricks of *State*,
And Knav'ry, Suits, and Bribes, and Flattr'y hate:
Bawds shall turn *Nuns*, *salt Duchesses* grow chaste,
And Paint, and Pride, and Leachery detest:
| *Popes* shall for *Kings* *Supremacy* decide,
| And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd:
Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o'er to plot, by Villains, and rebel;
Than I with utmost Spite, and Vengeance cease
To prosecute, and plague their cursed Race.

The Rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd Lust* deny'd,
The Malice of *religious* angry Zeal,
And all *cashier'd* *resenting Statesmen* feel:
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own Blood to
write,

And sell their very Souls to Hell for Spite:
| All this urge on my rank envenom'd Spleen,
| And with keen Satire edge my stabbing Pen:

B 2

PROLOGUE.

That it's each home-set Thrust their Blood may
draw,

Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.

Red hot with Vengeance thus, I'll brand Dis-
grace

So deep, no time shall e'er the Marks deface :

Till my severe and exemplary Doom

Spread wider than their Guilt, till it become

More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worse

Than damning *Pope's Anathema's* and Curse,)

(5)

S A T I R E I.

GARNET'S* *Ghost addressing to the JESUITS,*
met in private Cabal just after the Murder of
 GODFREY †.

By *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what less than this? }
 What *Sacrifice* of meaner Worth, and Price }
 Could we have offer'd up for our Success?
 So fare all they, whoe'er provoke our Hate,
 Who by like Ways presume to tempt their Fate;
 Fare each like this bold meddling *Fool*, and be
 As well *secur'd*, as well *dispatch'd* as he:
 Would he were here, yet warm, that we might
 drain
 His reeking Gore, and drink up every Vein!
 That were a glorious *Sanction*, much like thine,
 Great *Roman*! made upon a like Design:

* *Henry Garnet*, Provincial of the *Jesuits*, executed for the Gunpowder Plot, May 20, 1606.

† *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey* was found murdered in the Fields between *London* and *Hampstead*, on the 17th of *October*, 1678.

UPON THE JESUITS.

‡

They scorn'd in Covert their bold Act to hide.
 In open Face of Heav'n the Work they did,
 And brav'd its Vengeance, and its Pow'rs defy'd. }
 This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
 Durst you usurp the Glory of the Crime ;
 And dare ye not ? I know, you scorn to be
 By such as *they*, out-done in Villainy,
 Your proper *Province* ; true, you urg'd them on,
 Were Engines in the Façt, but they alone }
 Shar'd all the open Credit and Renown.

But hold ! I wrong our *Church* and *Cause*, which
 need

No foreign Instance, nor what others did :
 Think on that matchless *Affassin*, whose Name
 We with just Pride can make our happy Claim :
 He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,
 To give his Poison stronger Force and Pow'r }
 Mixt a God with't, and made it work more sure :
 Blest Memory ! which shall thro' Age to come
 Stand sacred in the Lists of *Hell*, and *Rome*.
 Let our great *Clement* * and *Ravillac's* † Name,
 Your Spirits to like Heights of Sin inflame ;

* In 1589, *Henry III.* of *France*, was assassinated by *James Clement*, a Monk.

† In *February*, 1610, *Ravillac* assassinated *Henry IV.* of *France*.

Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die
 T' have each a *Royal Ghost* their Company.
 Heroic Act! and worth their Tortures well,
 Well worth the suff'ring of a double Hell,
 That, they felt here, and that below, they feel. }

And if these cannot move you as they shou'd,
 Let *me* and *my Example* fire your Blood:
 Think on my vast Attempt, a glorious Deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,
 Had rivall'd *Hell's* most proud *Exploit* and *Boast*,
 Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd.
 Curst be the Day, and ne'er in time enroll'd,
 And curst the Star, whose spiteful Influence rul'd }
 The luckless Minute, which my Project spoil'd:
 Curse on that *Pow'r*, who of himself afraid,
 My Glory with my brave Design betray'd:)
 Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
 In Guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky:
 And so I had; at least I would have durst,
 And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my Bravery in Sin,
 Your Work had never thus unfinish'd been;
 Had I been Man, and the great Act to do;
 H'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am now,
 Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
 To reach *His Life*, though in the midst I fell,

UPON THE JESUITS. 9

And deeper than before,——

Let rabble Souls, of narrow Aim, and Reach,
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:

Let them with slavish Awe (disdain'd by me)

Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,

And think't a sacred Relict of the Sky:

Well may such fools a base Subjection own,

Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne:

Unlike the Soul, with which proud I was born,

Who could that sneaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,

Spurn off a Crown, and set my Foot in Sport

Upon the Head that wore it trod in Dirt.

(But say, what is't that binds your Hands? does fear
From such a glorious Action you deter?

Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim

That frivolous pretence, that empty Name:

Meer bugbear Word, devis'd by us to scare

The senseless Rout to slavishness and Fear,

Ne'er know to awe the brave, and those, that dare.

Such weak, and feeble things may serve for Checks

To rein and curb base mettled *Hereticks*,

Dull Creatures, whose nice boggling Consciences

Startle, or strain at such slight Crimes as these;

Such, whom fond inbred Honesty befools,

Or that old musty Piece the *Bible* gulls:

That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *Foes*,
Whereby they still uphold their tott'ring Cause.
Let no such Toys mislead you from the Road
Of Glory, nor infect your Souls with Good :

Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy Face to enter there,
No, not in very *Dream* : Have only Will
Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to covet, and act ill :

Let true substantial Wickedness take Place,
Usurp, and reign ; let it the very Trace
(If any yet be left) of Good deface,

If ever Qualms of inward Cowardice
(The Things which some dull Sots call Conscience)
rise,

Let them in Streams of Blood and Slaughter drown,
Or with new Weights of Guilt still press 'em
down.

Shame, Faith, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,
Nature itself, whatever Checks there be
To loose, and uncontroul'd Impiety,
Be all extinct in you ; own no Remorse
But that you've balk'd a Sin, have been no worse,
Or too much Pity shewn,——
Be diligent in Mischief's Trade, be each
Performing as a *Dev'l* ; nor stick to reach

At Crimes most dangerous; where bold Despair,
 Mad Lust, and heedless blind Revenge would ne'r }
 Ev'n look, march you without a Blush, or Fear,
 Inflam'd by all the Hazards that oppose,
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs* to your *Cause*.

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
 Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me* :
 Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*,
 Like *this*, and fit to scourge a *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name* ! may swift Confusion seize,
 And utterly blot out the cursed Race :
 Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
 Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome* :
 Whose pois'nous Filth, dropt from engend'ring Brain,
 By monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* spawn,
 Which now infest each country, and defile
 With their o'erspreading Swarms this goodly *Isle*.
 Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,
 'Till a late *reigning Witch* th' Enchantment broke :
 It shall again, *Hell* and I say't : Have ye
 But Courage to make good the Prophecy ;
 Not Fate itself shall hinder.——

Too sparing was the Time, too mild the Day,
 When our great *Mary** bore the *English* Sway ?

* *Queen Mary*, Daughter of *Henry VIII* by *Katherine of Spain*, a true Description of the Bloodshed in her bigotted Reign.

Unqueenlike Pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four or five hundred, such like petty Sum,
Might fall perhaps a sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: Had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counsellor*,
She should have rais'd it to a noble Score.
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd, and shone each
Day,

To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our Way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane and Street
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to light,
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by Night:
Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
But with the lives of all the *miscreant Rout*,
Till the last gasping Breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course
Taken by all his mighty Successors,
To tame like *Hereticks* of old by force:
They scorn'd dull Reason, and pedantick Rules
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, were their Arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the Dispute,
And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:

And all, who would stand out in stiff Defence,
 They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sense :
 Better than all our *Sorbonne** *Dotards* now,
 Who would by dint of Words our *Foes* subdue.
 This was the rigid Discipline of old,
 Which modern Sots for Persecution hold :
 Of which dull *Annalists* in Story tell
 Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky Volumes swell
 With *martyr'd Fools*, that lost their Way to Hell. }

From these, our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*,
 We've learnt our Arts, and made their Methods ours.
 Nor have we come behind, the least Degree,
 In acts of rough and manly Cruelty :
 Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful Stake,
 And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
 Were all the num'rous *Profelytes* of *Huss*
 Crush'd with their Head : so *Waldo's* cursed Rout,
 And those of *Wickliff*† here were rooted out,

* *Sorbonne*, a Village near *Paris*, where is held a Society of Doctors of Divinity, founded by St. *Lewis IX.* and *Ralph de Sorbonne* his Confessor, Anno 1264.

† Dr. *John Wickliff*, in 1337, preached strongly against the Pope's Supremacy, the Infallibility of the Church, and Transubstantiation at *Oxford* : And notwithstanding he died in 1385, at his Parish at *Lutterworth* in *Leicestershire*, he was dug up Forty Years afterwards, and burnt for a Heretick.

Their Names scarce left.—Sure were the Means,
we chose,

And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the Dross
Of those foul *Heresies*, and sovereign *Steel*

Lopt off th'infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd
his Deed,

A Deed, for which the Day deserves its *red*
Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that dy'd:

How goodly was the Sight! How fine the Show

When *Paris* saw thro' all its Channels flow

The Blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Seine*,
Swell'd with the Flood, its Banks with Joy o'er-ran!

He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal

By Parcels and Piece-meal; he scorn'd *Retail*

I'th' Trace of death: whole Myriads died by th'
great,

Soon as one single Life; so quick their Fate,

Their very Prayers and Wishes came too late.

This a *King** did: And great and mighty 'twas,

Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r and Place,

And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:

Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,

* *Henry* III. who consented to the Massacre of the Protestants at *Paris* in 1572, was seventeen years afterwards murdered in the very Room by *Clement*, where he agreed to this hellish deed.

UPON THE JESUITS. 15

The bold *Mac-quire* (who read in modern Fame,
Can be a Stranger to his Worth and Name?)
Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to reign
In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain :
Dread Memory ! whose each Mention still can make
Pale *Heretics* with trembling Horror quake,
T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a Crime
Like his ; who would not fall and die like him ?
Never had *Rome* a nobler Service done,
Never had *Hell* ; each Day came thronging down
Vast Shoals of Ghosts, and *mine* was pleas'd and glad,
And smil'd, when it the brave Revenge survey'd.

Nor do I mention these great Instances
For Bounds, and Limits to your Wickedness :
Dare you beyond, something out of the Road
Of all Example, where none yet have trod,
Nor shall hereafter ; what mad *Catiline*
Durst, never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign,
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,
How much a *Christian* Crime can conquer his :
How far in gallant Mischief overcome,
The *old* must yield to *new*, and *modern Rome*.
Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one Act ;
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact.
Which *Hell* and *very I* may envy—
Such as a *God* himself might wish to be,

A Complice in the mighty *Villainy*,
And barters *Heaven*, and vouchsafe to die.

Nor let Delay (the Bane of Enterprize)
Mar yours, or make the great Importance mis.
'This *Fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their Fear;
Let it your Vigour too, your Haste and Care.
Be swift, and let your Deeds forestal Intent,
Forestal ev'n Wishes, e'er they can take Vent,
Nor give the Fates the Leisure to prevent. }
Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gathering Thunder, now with sudden Clap,
Break out upon your *Foes*; dash, and confound,
And spread a voidless *Ruin* all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give Light;
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd see it glow
In Flames unquenchable as those below.
I'd see the *Miscreants* with their Houses burn,
And all together into Ashes turn,

Bind next your Fury to the curst *Diwan*;
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain }
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the Bane.
Unkennel those *State-Foxes* where they lie
Working your speedy Fate, and Destiny.
Lug by the Ears the doating *Prelate* thence,
Dash *Herefy* together with their Brains

Out of their shatter'd Heads. Lop off the *Lords*
And *Commons* at one Stroke, and let your Swords
Adjourn 'em all to th'other World.—

Would I were blest with Flesh and Blood again, ✓
But to be Actor in that happy Scene !
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my View,
Revenge shall take its fill, in State I'll go }
With captive *Ghosts* t'attend me down below.

Let these the Handsels of your Vegeance be,
But stop not here, nor flag in Cruelty.
Kill like a Plague, or *Inquisition* ; spare
No Age, Degree, or Sex ; only to wear
A Soul, only to own a Life, be here
Thought Crime enough to lose't : No Time, nor
Place

Be Sanctuary from your Outrages.
[Spare not in Churches, kneeling *Priests* at Pray'r, ✓
Tho' interceding for you, slay ev'n there.
Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the Breast,
Who from relenting Fools their Mercy wrest :
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence, and drown 'em in their *Mother's* Blood,
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender Cries,
Tho' prostrate at your Feet with melting Eyes
All drown'd in Tears : strike home, as 'twere in *Lust*;
And force their begging Hands to guide the Thrust.]

UPON THE JESUITS. 19

Great was that *Tyrant's* Wish, which should be
mine,

Did I not scorn the Leavings of a sin ;
Freely would I bestow't on *England* now,
That the whole Nation with one Neck might }
grow,

To be slic'd off, and you to give the Blow.
What neither *Saxon* Rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the barbarous *Picts* ;
What * *Spain* or *Eighty Eight* could e'er devise,
With all its *Fleet*, and *Freight* of Cruelties ;
What ne'er *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,
And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear ;
What may strike out dire Prodigies of old,
And make their mild, and gentler Acts untold ;
What Heaven's Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Foreign Invasions, nor Domestic Wars,
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do ;
All this, and more be dar'd and done by you.

But why do I with idle Talk delay
Your Hands, and while they should be acting, stay ?
Farewel——

If I may waste a pray'r for your Success, ✓
Hell be your Aid, and your high projects blest !

* A grand *Armada* fitted out against *England*.

C 2

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity ;
If any here feel Pity or Remorse,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse !
May he by Rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.
May's Name and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlasting Mark of grinning Infamy,

S A T I R E II.

Nay, if our Sins are grown so high of late,
 That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our Fate,
 May't please some milder Vengeance to advise,
 Plague, Fire, Sword, Death, or any thing but this.
 Let it rain scalding Show'rs of *Brimstone* down,
 To burn us, as of old the *lustful* * *Town* :
 Let a new *Deluge* overwhelm agen,
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
 Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
 To have this worst of *Ills* remov'd away.
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent
 In Mercy only, not for Punishment :
 But where these light, they shew a Nation's Fate
 Is given up, and past for Reprobate.

When God his stock of Wrath on *Egypt* spent
 To make a stubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
 Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent ;
 For this alone his *People* had been quit,
 And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proselyte*.

* *Sodom*.

Wonder no longer why no *Curse*, like these,
 Was known, or suffer'd in the prim'tive Days :
 They never sinn'd enough to merit it,
 'Twas therefore what Heav'ns just Pow'r thought fit,
 To scourge this latter, and more sinful Age
 With all the *Dregs*, and *Squeezings* of his Rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
 For all her Loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight* :
 For all the *Ills* our warlike *Virgin* wrought,
 Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* * her great Scourges
 brought.

Amply she was reveng'd in that one Birth,
 When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought forth,
 Great Counter Plague ! in which unhappy we
 Pay back her suff'rings with full Usury :
 Than whom alone none ever was design'd
 T'entail a wider Curse on Human Kind,
 But *he*, who first begot us, and first sinn'd,
 Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
 (Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now)
 If early with less Guilt in War thou'dst dy'd,
 And from ensuing Mischiefs Mankind freed.
 Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
 Th'hadst suffer'd there thy *Brother Traytor's* Doom.

* Executed at the Instigation of the *Spanish* Ambassador.

Curst be the Womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd
 Which ever since has the whole Globe inflam'd ;
 More curst than ill aim'd *Shot*, which basely mist,
 Which maim'd a *Limb*, but spar'd thy hated *Breast*,
 And made at once a *Cripple* and a *Priest*. }

But why this wish? the *Church* if so might lack
Champions, good *Works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.

These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,
 The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose
 To break the Force of *Huguenots* and *Foes*. }

The Churches *Hawkers* in *Divinity*,
 Who 'stead of *Lace* and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry :
Rome's Strollers, who survey each Continent,
 Its *Trinkets* and *Commodities* to vent.

Export the *Gospel*, like mere *Ware*, for Sale,
 And truck'd for *Indigo* and *Cochineal* ✓

As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
 Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spouns* ✓

And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
 And thus by scoffing *Hereticks* defam'd?

They, by whose Means both *Indies* now enjoy
 The two choice Blessings, *Pox* and *Poper*y?

Which buried else in Ignorance had been,
 Nor known the Worth of *Beads* and *Bellarmino*?

It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see
 A World so drown'd in gross *Idolatry* :

It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.
Strange! What a fervent Zeal can *Coin* infuse!
What Charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
So you were chosen the fittest to reclaim
The *Pagan* World, and giv't a *Christian* Name.
And great was the Success; whole Myriads stood
At *Font*, and were baptiz'd in their own Blood.
Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn
Before their Time, be damn'd before their Turn.

Yet these were in Compassion sent to Hell,
The rest reserv'd in Spite, and worse to feel,
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship you,
The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.
Rare Way, and Method of *Conversion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice;
If to destroy be *Reformation* thought,
A *Plague* as well might the *good Work* have wrought.

Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown,
Would lay his former trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Crown* would be
A fitter Case, and Badge of Cruelty.
Each sniv'ling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,
When Wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
When press'd by *Wine* or *Punk*, to knock e'th' Head:

Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns
to be

Prompted by poor *Revenge*, or *Injury*,
But does it of true inbred *Cruelty* :

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,
And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
Stretch'd up to Heaven, t'other to make the pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed Memory,
Cut Throats in godly pure Sincerity :
And with uplifted Hands and Eyes devout,
Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengeful Mind,
Content with but a Quarter of Mankind :

Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
Their savage *Cruelty* ; the rest had gone :
His Hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create anew.

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
thought

Bare Sin : 'Tis something ev'n to own a Fault.
But here the boldest Flights of Wickedness
Are stamp'd *Religion*, and for current Pass.

1^a The blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st Deed,
 For which *Hell-Flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
 If done for *Holy Church*, is sanctified. }

This consecrates the blessed *Work*, and *Tool*,
 Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.

2 To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
 Are thus but petty Trifles, venial Things,
 Not worth a *Confessor* ; nay, Heav'n shall be
 Itself invok'd t'abet th' Impiety.

“ Grant, gracious Lord, (*some reverend Villain*
prays)

“ That this the bold Assertor of our *Cause*

“ May with Success accomplish that great End,

“ For which he was by thee and us design'd.

“ Thou to his Arm and Sword thy Strength impart,

“ And guide 'em steady to the *Tyrant's* Heart.

“ Grant him for every meritorious Thrust

“ Degrees of Bliss above, among the Just ;

“ Where holy *Garnet*, and St. *Guy* are plac'd.

“ Whom Works, like this, before have thither
 “ rais'd.

“ Where they are interceding for us now ;

“ For sure they're there.” Yesquestionless, and so }

Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,

And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,

And the late godly *Martyr* at *Thoulouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,
If you'll be *canoniz'd*, and Heav'n insure.

Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old! Who would be good,
Who would by Virtue reach the blest abode:

Far other are the Ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy Place translate:

Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,
And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*. }

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill Fate, or Chance,
Threw him upon gross Times of Ignorance;

Who knew not how to value, or esteem
The Worth and Merit of a glorious Crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now,
He'd dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a Martyr too. 4

Hear'st thou, great God, such daring Blasphemy,
And let'st thy patient Thunder still lie by?
Strike, and avenge, lest impious *Atheists* say,
Chance guides the World, and has usurp'd thy
Sway;

Lest these proud prosp'rous *Villains* too confess,
Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy Images.
Thou just and sacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
Such Guests should in thy glorious Presence sit?
If Heaven can with such Company dispence,
Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*

But this we only feign, all vain and false,
 As their own *Legends, Miracles, and Tales*;
 Either the groundless Calumnies of Spite,
 Or idle Rants of Poetry and Wit.

We wish they were: But you hear *Garnet* cry,
 " I did it, and would do't again; had I
 " As much of Blood, as many lives as *Rome*
 " Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
 " As many Souls as Sins, I'd freely stake
 " All them, and more, for *Mother Church's* Sake.
 " For that I'll stride o'er Crowns, swim thro' a Flood,
 " Made up of slaughter'd Monarchs Brains and
 Blood.

" For that no *Lives of Hereticks* I'll spare,
 " But reap 'em down with less Remorse and Care
 " Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy Heads of old,
 " Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told."

Bravely resolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd: }
 But (lo!) the Recompence and great Reward,
 The *Wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare Motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,
 A few *Red Letters* and some *Painted Straws*!
 Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,
 And play their Souls against no Stakes away.

'Tis strange with what an holy Impudence
 The Villain caught, his Innocence maintains:

Denies with Oaths the Fact, until it be
 Less Guilt to own it than the Perjury ;
 By th' *Mafs* and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,
 This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
 And the whole Muster-roll in *Calendars*.
 Not yet swallow the falsehood? if all this
 Won't gain a resty Faith, he will on's Knees,
 Th' *Evangelifts*, and *Lady's Psalter* kifs.
 To vouch the Lie, nay, more, to make it good,
 Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.
 Damn'd faithless *Hereticks*! hard to convince,
 Who trust no Verdict but dull obvious Sense.
 Unconscionable *Courts*! who *Priests* deny
 Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
 With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
 Not Knights o'th' *Post*, nor often carted *Whores*
 Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious and heroic Constancy!
 That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die
 With gasping Souls expiring in a Lie.
 None but tame sleepish *Criminals* repent,
 Who fear the idle Bugbear, Punishment:
 Your gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,
 The poor Regret, of having done amiss,

Brave he, to his first Principles still true,
 Can face Damnation, sin with Hell in View;
 And bid it take the Soul he does bequeath,
 And blow it thither with his dying Breath.

Dare such as these profess *Religion's* Name?
 Who, should they own't, and be believ'd, would
 shame

Its Practice out o'th' World; would *Atheists* make
 Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
 Is *Heav'n* for such, whose Deeds make Hell too good,
 Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?
 For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake,
 Fate must below new Sorts of Torture make,
 Since, when of old it fram'd that Place of Doom,
 'Twas thought no Guilt like this could thither come.

Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust
 you,

Who never yet kept your Allegiance true
 To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more Ease
 Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries,
 Than a *Town-Bully* common Oaths and Lies?
 Are the *French Harry's* Fates so soon forgot?
 Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?
 And those fine Streamers that adorn'd so long
 The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
 Were they not stol'n, and now for *Relicks* gone?

Think *Tories* loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters* ;
 Robb'd *Tygers* gentle ; courteous, fasting *Bears* ;
Altheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners* ;
 Take *Goats* for chaste, and cloister'd *Marmosites*
 For plain, and open two-edg'd *Parasites* ;
 Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,
 And binding *Drunkards Oaths*, and *Strumpets Vows* ;
 And when in time these Contradictions meet,
 Then hope to find them in a *Loyolite* ;
 To whom, tho' gasping, should I Credit give,
 I'd think 'twere sin, and damn'd like unbelief.
 Oh for the *Swedish* law enacted here !
 No Scarecrow frighten's like a *Priest-Gelder*,
 Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy
 Their lives with Ransom of their Lechery.
 Or let that wholsome *Statute* be reviv'd,
 Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd ;
 Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring
 Each Year a certain 'tail of *Jesuits* in ;
 And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Isle*
 To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.
 Monsters avault ! may some kind Whirlwind sweep
 Our Land, and drown these *Locusts* in the Deep :
 Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn and Hate,
 With all the Curses of an injur'd State :

Go, foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,
Some easier *Nation* with your Cheats beguile ;
Where your gross common *Galleries* may pass,
To slur, and top on bubbled *Consciences* ;
Where *Ignorance* and th' *Inquisition* rules,
Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide !

Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,
Your *Catesby**, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,
And those who hence have lately rais'd the Score.
Where the *Grand Traytor* now, and all the Crew,
Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due :
Where *Flames*, and *Tortures* of eternal Date,
Must punish you, yet ne'er can expiate :
Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could e'er devise,
No Guilt but yours deserve ; make *Hell* confess
Itself out-done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

* Part of these concerned in the Gunpowder-Plot.

S A T I R E III.

LOYOLA'S * Will.

Long had that fam'd Impostor found success,
Long seen his damn'd Fraternity's Increase,
In Wealth and Power, Mischief, Guile improv'd,
By Popes, and Pope-rid-Kings upheld and lov'd.
Laden with Years, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,
Got some i'th' Field, but most in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman Calendar,
He thinks it worth his holy thoughts and Care,

* *Ignatius Loyola*, founder of the Order of Jesuits, born in the Province of *Guipuscoa* in *Spain*, in the Year 1491; he was bred at the Court of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*. He entered into the Military Life, and was wounded in the right Leg at the Siege of *Pampelonne*; and when under Cure of this Wound, he determined to renounce the Vanities of the World, and consecrate himself and Arms to the *Virgin Mary*. In the Year 1543 he founded, without any Restrictions, his new Society, which was confirmed by Pope *Paul III*. He continued at their Head till his Death, which happened in *July* 1556.

D

*Some hidden Rules and Secrets to impart,
The Proofs of long Experience and deep Art,
Which to his Successors may useful be,
In conduct of their future Villany.
Summon'd together all th' officious Band,
The Orders of their Bed-rid Chief attend:
Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:
With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
To meet Commands of their dread Monarchs go,
On Pillow rais'd, he does their Entrance greet,
And joys to see the wish'd Assembly meet:
They in glad Murmurs tell their joy aloud,
Then a deep Silence stills the expecting Crowd;
Like Delphick-Hag of old, by Fiend possess'd,
He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breast;
His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-balls glow,
And from his Mouth long streaks of Drivel flow:
Thrice with due Reverence he himself doth cross,
Then thus his bellish Oracles disclose.*

**Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order join,
The faithful Band, whom I, and Rome have chose,
The last Support of our declining Cause;
Whose conq'ring Troops I with Success have led
'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;**

Whoe'er to the mad *German* owe their Rise,
Geneva's-Rebels, or the hot-brain'd *Swiss*;
 Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke,
 And durst throw off the long-worn sacred Yoke :
 You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast
 A greater Empire than by *Luther* lost ;
 By whom wide Nature's far-fetch'd limits now,
 And utmost *Indies* to its Crosier bow.

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,
 Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes :
 Kill Heresy, that rank and poisonous Weed,
 Which threatens now the Church to overspread :
 Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,
 Who tread our sacred Mitre under Foot ;
 Stray'd *Germany* reduce : let it no more
 Th' incestuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore :
 Make stubborn *England* once more stoop its Crown,
 And Fealty to our Priestly Sovereign own :
 Regain our Church's Right, the *Island* clear
 From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
 Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour ; spare
 No Toil nor Pains ; no Death nor Danger fear.
 Restless your Aims pursue : let no Defeat
 Your sprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,
 But urge to fresh, and bolder, ne'er to end
 Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend.

Till he thro' every Nation every where
Bear Sway, and reign as absolute as here :
Till *Rome* without Controul or Contest be
The Universal Ghostly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would
give,

And let me to that happy Juncture live :
But 'tis decreed ! — *at this he paus'd and wept,*
The rest alike time with his Sorrow kept :
Then thus continued he, — Since unjust Fate
Envies my Race of Glory longer Date ;
Yet, as a wounded General, e'er he dies,
To his sad Troops sighs out his last Advice,
(Who, tho' they must his fatal Absence moan,
By those great Lessons conquer when he's gone)
So I to you my last Instructions give,
And breath out Counsels with my parting Life :
Let each to my important Words give Ear,
Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.
First, and the chiefest Thing by me injoin'd,
The solemn'st Tie, that must your Order bind,
Let each without Demur or Scruple pay
A strict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway :
To the unerring Chair all Homage swear,
Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend sit there :

Whoe'er is to the sacred Mitre rear'd,
 Believe all Virtues with the Place conferr'd :
 Think him establish'd there by Heaven, tho' he }
 Has Altars robb'd for Bribes the Choice to buy, }
 Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony :
 Tho' he be Atheist, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
 Blasphemer, sacrilegious, perjur'd too :
 Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
 Whate'er old *Sodom's* Nest of Leachers were :
 Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'ner, Parricide,
 Magician, Monster, all that's bad beside :
 Fouler than Infamy ; the very Lees,
 The Sink ; the Jakes, the Common-Shore of Vice :
 Strait count him holy, virtuous, good, devout,
 Chaste, gentle, meek, a Saint, a God, who not ?
 Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
 Pow'r to Predestinate without his Leave :
 None be admitted there but who he please,
 Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
 Hold those amongst the highest Rank of Saints,
 Whoe'er he to that Honour shall advance,
 Tho' here the Refuse of the Jail, and Stews,
 Which Hell itself would scarce for Lumber chuse :
 But count all reprobate, and damn'd, and worse,
 Whom he, when Gout, or Phthisick Rage shall
 curse :

Whom he in Anger excommunicates,
 For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating *Sprats* ;
 Or in just Indignation spurns to Hell
 For jeering Holy Toe, and Pantoffle,

Whate'er he says esteem for holy Writ,
 And Text Apocriphal, if he think fit :
 Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales and Lies,
 Falser than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,
 Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul* ;
 Is sign'd with sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal }
 Be thought Authentic and Canonical,
 Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,
 Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass :
 Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Virtue Vice,
 No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes,
 Forswear your Reason, Conscience, and your Creed,
 Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
 To break all God's Commands than one of his :
 When his great Missions call, without Delay,
 Without Reluctance readily obey, }
 Nor let your inmost Wishes dare gainsay :
 Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
 Or farthest Bounds of Southern unknown Land,
 Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
 Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives ;

Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shewn,
 Outstrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown ;
 Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,
 Nor scorching Heats of burning Lime could scare :
 Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wrecks could make
 refrain

From propagating holy Faith, and Gain.

If he but nod Commissions out to kill,
 But beckon Lives of Hereticks to spill ;
 Let th' *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties
 Make the dire Engines groan with tortur'd Cries :
 Let *Campo Flori* every day be strow'd
 With the warm Ashes of the *Lutb'ran* Brood :
 Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters o'er,
 And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore :
 Swifter than murdering Angels, when they fly
 On Errands of avenging Destiny.
 Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager haste
 Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waste :
 Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, slay, massacre,
 Till the same Grave their Lives and Names inter.

These are the Rights to our great *Mufti* due,
 The sworn Allegiance of your sacred Vow :
 What else we in our Votaries require,
 What other Gift next follows to enquire.

And first it will our great Advice besit,
 What Soldiers to your List you ought r'admit,
 To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,
 The foremost Rank of Choice is justly due :
 'Mongst whom the chiefest Place assign to those,
 Whose Zeal has mostly signaliz'd the Cause,
 But let not Entrance be to them deny'd,
 Whoever shall divert the adverse Side :
 Omit no Promises of Wealth or Power,
 That may inveigled Hereticks allure :
 Those whom great Learning, Parts, or Wit }
 renowns, }
 Cajole with Hopes of Honour, Scarlet Gowns,
 Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple-Crowns,
 This must a Rector, that a Provost be,
 A third succeed to the next Abbacy :
 Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors,
 To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors ;
 These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,
 Which more than all your weak Disputes prevail.

Exclude not those of less Desert, decree
 To all Revolters your Foundation free :
 To all, whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust,
 To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd :
 To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition crost,
 Hopes often bilkt, and sought Preferment lost,

How to convert

UPON THE JESUITS. 42

Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall profelyte :
Those powerful Motives, which the most bring in,
Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.
Reject not those, whom Guilt and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come :

Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,
Here quick Admittance, and safe Refuge find :
Be they from Justice of their Country fled,
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons dy'd :
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell itself broke loose.

By this you shall in Strength and Numbers grow,
And Shoals each Day to your throng'd Cloisters flow :
So *Rome* and *Mecca's* * first great Founders did,
By such wise Methods make their Churches spread.

When shaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's
Power

Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before ;
Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be
To shake off all Remains of Modesty ;
Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit
For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit* : }

* *Mabomet.*

If any Novice feel at first a Blush,
 Let Wine, and frequent Converse with the
 Stews

Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use,
 Unteach the puling Folly by Degrees,
 And train him to a well-bred Shamelessness.

Get that great Gift, and Talent, *Impudence*,
 Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence :

'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
 Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate :
 Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
 An As a Bishop, can vil't Blockheads rear
 To wear red Hats, and sit in Porphyry Chair.
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and
 Sense,

Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
 How small a Dram does the just Compound make,
 As much as is by the crafty *Statesmen* worn
 For Fashion only, or to serve a Turn :
 To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
 Think it enough the empty Form to have :
 The outward Show is seemly, cheap, and light,
 The Substance cumbersome, of Cost, and Weight :
 The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
 None, or but few the Thoughts within descry,

Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
 To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure :
 A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
 Like it, when us'd, to be with Ease thrown by :
 A shifting Card, by which your Course to steer,
 And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer,
 Let no nice, holy, conscientious As
 Amongst your better Company find Place,
Me, and your whole *Foundation* to disgrace ;
 Let Truth be banish'd, ragged Virtue fly,
 And poor unprofitable Honesty ;
 Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray ;
 To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey :
 These lie remote, and wide from Interest,
 Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from
 West,
 Far as they e'er were distant from the Breast,
 Think not yourselves t'Austerities confin'd,
 Or those strict Rules which other Orders bind,
 To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*
 Leave Penance, meager Abstinence, and Prayers :
 In lousy Rags, let *Begging Fryars* lie,
 Content on Boards of Straw to mortify :
 Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,
 And scourge them for their Madness, and their Sins :

Let pining *Anchorets* in Grottos starve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve :
Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And plac't in Nastiness, and Want of Meat :
Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd Ease,
As if whole Nature were your *Caterefs*,
Soft be your Beds, as those which Monarch's *Whores*
Lie on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors* :
Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with Choice of Suits more
dear

Than Cardinals on high Processions wear :
With Dainties load your Boards, whose every *Dish*
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius*' * *Wish*.
Each fit a longing *Queen* : Let richest *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Lust* your
Veins :

Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give
For *Cordials* to prolong their *gasping Life* :
Ne'er let the *Nazarene*, whose Badge and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a conscious Shame :
Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools* :
Disdain, that He, and the poor Angling-Tribe,
Should Laws and Government to you prescribe :

* The ninth *Roman* Emperor, and perhaps the most voluptuous Glutton the World ever produced.

Let none of those good Fools your *Patterns* make ;
 Instead of them the mighty *Judas* take,
 Renown'd *Iscaiot*, fit alone to be
 Th' Example of our great Society ;
 Whose darling Guilt despis'd the common *Road*,
 And scorn'd to stop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,
 What *Wiles* and *Cheats* the Rabble best deceive :
 Each *Age* and *Sex*, their different *Passions* wear,
 To suit with which requires a prudent Care :
 Youth is *capricious*, *headstrong*, *fickle*, *vain*,
 To *Lawless Pleasure* given, Age to Gain :
 Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* over-grown,
 With *Chimney-Tales*, and *Stories* best are won :
 'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,
 What several Baits to each you ought t'apply.
 The credulous and easy of Belief,
 With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.
 Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud* : drain
 Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran* :
 Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
 Than you a Stock of Lies, and Legends need.

Tell, how blest'd *Virgin* to come down was seen,
 Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine* :
 How she writ *Billet-Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours* :

How *Hof's* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at Twelve
Score.

Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met,
And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught ;
How *Cattle* have *judicious Hearers* been,
And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen* :
How consecrated Hive with Bells was hung,
And Bees kept Mass, and holy *Anthems* sung :
How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and Sheep were
taught

To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat* :
How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid
Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryar* dy'd ;
How trav'ling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,
Ride *Journies* through the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch* :
And ferrying Cows *Religious Pilgrims* bore,
O'er Waves, without the Help of Sail, or Oar.
Nor let *Xavier's* great Wonders pass conceal'd,
How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd ;
How *zealous Crab* the sacred Image bore,
And swam a *Cath'lick* to the distant *Shore* :
With Shams, like these, the giddy *Rout* mislead,
Their *Folly* and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of old
(And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)

To feign *Hob-goblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* o' Nights :
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleas'd,
 And *Crabs* in Church-yard crawl'd in *Masquerade*,
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.
 By this our *Ancestors* in happier days,
 Did Store of Credit, and Advantage raise :
 But now the trade is fall'n, decay'd, and dead,
 E'er since *contagious Knowledge* has o'erspread :
 With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
 Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's-hole*, and *Mongibel* ;
 Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unless
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
 Henceforth be wary how such Things you feign,
 Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line* :
 Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Peru*,
 At the *Molucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,
 Or any distant, and *remoter Place*,
 Where they may current and unquestion'd pass :
 Where never *poaching Hereticks* resort,
 To spring the Lie, and mak't their *Game* and *Sport*.
 But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)
Confession, our chief *Privelege*, and *Boast* :
 That *Staple-Ware* which ne'er returns in *vain*,
 Ne'er balks the *Trader* of expected *Gain*.

'Tis this, that spies through Court-Intrigues, and
brings

Admission to the Cabinets of Kings :

By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
And make our *Footstools* of their *Thrones* and
Necks :

Give 'em *Command*, and if they *disobey*,
Betray them to th' ambitious Heir a Prey :
Hound the officious Curs on Hereticks,
The Vermin, which the Church infest, and
vex :

And when our Turn is serv'd, and Business done,
Dispatch 'em for Reward, as useless grown :

Nor are these half the Benefits and Gains,
Which by wise manag'ry accrue from thence :
By this we unlock the Miser's hoarded Chests,
And Treasure, tho' kept close, as Statesmens
Breasts :

This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,
Let us their Jointures, and themselves enjoy :
To us the Merchant does his customs bring,
And pays our Duty, tho' he cheats his King :
To us Court-Ministers refund, made great
By Robbery, and Bankrupt of the State :
Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,
Gabels on Lech'ry, and Stew's Excise :

By this our Colleges in Riches shine,
And vie with *Becket's* * and *Loretto's* † Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a Word or two
(My younger *Vot'ries*) of Advice to you,
To you, whom Beauty's Charms, and gen'rous
Fire,

Of boiling Youth to Sports of Love inspire:
This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap
You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap :
Riot in free and uncontroul'd Delight,
Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite :
Taste every Dish of Lust's Variety,
Which *Popes*, and scarlet *Leachers* dearly buy, }
With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.
But this I ever to your Care commend,
Be wary how you openly offend :
Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our Shame,
And fix Disgrace on the great Order's Fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
To ease the Burden of her Sins, and Cares ;

* *Thomas a Becket* murdered in *Canterbury* Cathedral.

† Commonly called the Lady of *Loretto*, supposed to be the Room in which the *Virgin Mary* conceived and brought forth the Child *Jesus*.—It is a Church famous for its *Miracles* and Riches.

E

When Youth in each, and Privacy conspire
 To kindle wishes, and befriend Desire ;
 If she has practis'd in the Trade before,
 (Few else of Profelytes to us brought o'er)
 Little of Force, or Artifice will need,
 To make you in the victory succeed :
 But if some untaught Innocent, she be,
 Rude, and unknowing in the Mystery ;
 She'll cost more Labour to be made comply. }
 Make her by Pumping understand the Sport,
 And undermine with secret Trains the Fort :
 Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy drefs,
 Her naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace, }
 Find Opportunity her Breasts to press :
 Oft feel her Hand, and whisper in her Ear,
 You find the secret Marks of Lewdness there :
 Sometimes with naughty Sense her blushes raise,
 And make 'em Guilt, she never knew, confess ;
 " Thus (may you say) with such a leering Smile,
 " So languishing a look your hearts beguile :
 " Thus with your Foot, Hand, Eye, your Tokens
 " speak,
 " These Signs deny, these Assignations make ;
 " Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce Embrace
 " You clasp your Lover to your Breast and Face :

“ Thus are your hungry Lips with Kiffes cloy’d,
 “ Thus is your Hand, and thus your Tongue
 “ employ’d,”

Ply her with Talk like this : And if sh’incline
 To help Devotion, give her *Aretine* *,
 Instead o’th’Rosary : Never despair,
 She, that to such Discourse will lend an Ear, }
 Tho’ chaster than old cloister’d Nuns she were,
 Will soon prove soft and pliant to your Use,
 As *Strumpets* at a *Carnival* let loose,
 Credit Experience ; I have try’d ’em all,
 And never found th’ unerring Methods fail :
 Not *Ovid*, tho’ ’twere his chief Mastery,
 Had greater Skill in these *Intrigues*, than I :
 Nor *Nero*’s learned *Pimp* †, to whom we owe
 What choice Records of Lust are extant now.
 This heretofore, when Youth, and sprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I tasted, and enjoy’d :

* *Peter Aretine*, a Native of *Arezzo*, celebrated for his wanton and satirical Works in the 16th Century—for which, very improperly, he was called the *Divine*. His Death was equal to his extraordinary Turn of Genius ; laughing prodigiously at some well-turned *double entendre*, he fell backwards from his Chair, and kill’d himself, in 1556, aged 65.

† *Petronius*, who drew the Characters of *Nero* and his Court, in some severe meretricious Satires.

Ah those blest Days !—(*Here the old Leacher smil'd,*
With sweet Remembrance of past Pleasures fill'd)

But they are gone ! Wishes alone remain,
And Dreams of Joy, ne'er to be felt again :
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this Counsel, and Advice I give.

But the dear Mention of my gayer Days
Has made me farther, than I would, digress :
'Tis time we now should in due Place expound,
How guilt is after Shriek to be aton'd :

Enjoin no *four Repentance, Tear, and Grief* ;
Eyes weep no Cash, and you no Profit give :
Sins, though of the first Rate, must punish'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality :
The Poor, whose Purse cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping serve, bare Feet, and Shirts of Hair :
The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,
To *Rome, Montserrat, or the Holy Land* :
Let Pardons, and th' Indulgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with Gain.
Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found,
And dear-bought Masses for their Crimes compound.

Let Law, and Gospel, rigid Precepts set,
And make the Paths to Bliss rugged and strait :
Teach you a smooth, an easier Way to gain
Heav'n's Joys ; yet sweet, and useful, Sin retain :

With every Frailty, every Lust comply,
 T'advance your spiritual Realm, and Monarchy :
 Pull up weak Virtue's Fence, give Scope and Space,
 And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Consciences* :
 Shew that the Needle's Eye may stretch, and how
 The largest *Camel-Vices* may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy, }
 Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony, }
 While thoughts and *Ducats* will directed be : }
 Let Whores adorn his exemplary Life,
 But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give,
 Sooth up the *gaudy Atheist*, who maintains
 No Law, but sense ; and *owns no God*, but *Chance* :
 Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *boist'rous Ruffian* tell,
 He may for Hire, Revengè, or Honour kill ;
 Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve 'em too,
 And take their Dues *in kind* for what you do :
 Exhort the painful and industrious *Barwd*
 To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade* ;
 Nor think her Innocent-Vocation ill,
 Whose Income does the sacred Treasure fill :
 Let griping Usurers Extortion use,
 No *Rapine*, *Falshood*, *Perjury* refuse,
 Stick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would scarce*
As to enrich themselves, and Bastard Heirs :

A small Bequest to th' *Church* can all atone,
 Wipes off all Scores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's their own*.
 Be these your *Doctrines*, these the *Truths you preach* }
 But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach,
 Your Cheats, and *Artificers* to impeach ;
 Lest thence Lay Fools *pernicious Knowledge* get,
 Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget :
 Make 'em believe't a Spell, more dreadful far,
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.
 Happy the Time, when th'unpretending Crowd,
 No more, than I, its Language understood !
 When the Worm-eaten Book, link'd to a Chain,
 In Dust lay mouldring in the *Vatican* ;
 Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none
 But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known :
 Then in full Pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd,
 By *Kings* and all the *Rabble-World* obey'd :
 Here, humble Monarchs, at his Feet kneel'd down,
 And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown :
 There, when in *solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
 Poor scepter'd Slaves ran *Lackeys* by his Side ;
 None, though in Thought, his Grandeur durst
 blaspheme,
 Nor in their very Sleep a *Treason* dream.
 But since the broaching that *mischievous Piece*,
 Each *Alderman* a *Father Lombard* is :

And every Cit dares impudently know
 More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave* too.
 Hence the late *damned Friar*, and all the Crew
 Of former crawling Sects their Poison drew :
 Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
 We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread :
 Wherefore enjoin, that no Lay-Coxcomb dare
 About him that *unlawful Weapon* wear ;
 But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
 The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard, Paul*;
 The arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes
 Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause ;
 Would he, in his first Years, had martyr'd been,
 Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen ;
 Then he our Party was, stout vigorous,
 And fierce in chace of Hereticks, like us :
 Till he at length, by th'Enemy seduc'd,
 Forfook us, and the hostile Side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* * mist his Aims,
 These *Holy-Shreds* had all consum'd in Flames :
 But since th'*Immortal-Lumber* still endures,
 In spite of all his Industry, and ours ;

* The Apostate, and forty-eighth Emperor of Rome ;
 so called for renouncing the Christian Religion, and be-
 coming a Pagan.

Take care at least, *it* may not come abroad ;
 To taint with catching Heresy the Crowd :
 Let them be still kept low in Sense, they'll pay,
 The more Respect, more readily obey.
 Pray, that kind Heav'n would on their Hearts
 dispenſe

A bounteous and abundant Ignorance,
 That they may never ſwerve, nor turn awry
 From ſound and orthodox Stupidity.

But theſe are obvious things, eaſy to know,
 Common to every *Monk*, as well as you :
 Greater Affairs, and more important, wait
 To be diſcuſs'd, and call for our Debate :
 Matters, that Depth require, and well befit
 Th' Addreſs, and Conduct of a *Jefuit*.
 How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what ſhakes a
 Throne,

How the firſt Seeds of Diſcontent are ſown
 To ſpring up in Rebellion ; how are ſet
 The ſecret Snares, that circumvent a State :
 How bubbled Monarchs are at firſt beguil'd,
 Trepann'd, and gull'd, at laſt depos'd, and kill'd.

When ſome proud Prince, a Rebel to our Head,
 For diſbelieving Holy Church's Creed,
 And *Peter-Pence*, is Heretick decreed ;

And by a solemn and unquestion'd Pow'r
 To Death and Hell, and You, deliver'd o'er:
 Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well try'd and
 known

(Such by Confession your Familiar's grown)
 Let him by Art and Nature fitted be
 For any great, and gallant Villainy,
 Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
 Which deepest Casuists in their Searches miss,
 Watchful as Jealousy, wary as Fear,
 Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,
 But close, as plotting Fiends in Council are. }
 To him in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,
 The Worth, and Merit of the Deed propound:
 Tell of whole Reams of Pardons, new come o'er,
Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless Store:
 Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
 And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:
 And Bills for Sums in Heaven, to be drawn
 On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.
 With Arts and Promises like these allure,
 And make him to your great Design secure.

And here to know the sundry Ways to kill,
 Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel*:
 Dull *Northern* Brains, in these deep arts unbred,
 Know nought but to cut throats, or knock o'th' Head,

No Slight of Murder of the subtlest Shape,
 Your busy Search, and Observation scape:
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
 And Juggling steals away a Life unseen:
 How gaudy Fate may be in Presents sent,
 And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent:
 How Ribbons, Gloves, or Saddle-Pommel may
 An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;
 Above the Reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r
 Of the fam'd *Pontick-Mountebank* to cure.
 Whate'er is known to quaint *Italian* Spite,
 In studied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquisite:
 Whate'er great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boast,
 Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus may the Business be in Secret done,
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessories known,
 And the flurr'd Guilt with Ease on others thrown. }
 But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,
 And leave you to the Rage of Foes a Prey;
 Let none his Crime by weak Confession own,
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself atone.
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,
 Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies, }
 Your well-dissembled Villany disguise.
 A thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:

UPON THE JESUITS. 59

Cog, sham, outface, deny, equivocate,
 Into a thousand Shapes yourselves translate :
 Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
 Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught :
 Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall,
 Let this great Comfort make amends for all,
 Those whom they damn for Rogues, next Age
 shall see

Made Advocates i'th' Churches Litany.
 Whoever with bold Tongue or Pen shall dare
 Against your Arts and Practices declare ;
 What Fool shall e'er presumptuously oppose,
 Your holy Cheats and godly Frauds disclose ;
 Pronounce him Heretick, Fire-brand of Hell,
Turk, Jew, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel ;
 A thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,
 All Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise :
 Strike home, gash deep, no Lies nor Slanders spare,
 A Wound, tho' cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those, whom your Wit and Reason can't decry,
 Make scandalous with Loads of Infamy :
 Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot,
 Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and cloven Foot :
 Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of Vice, and Shame,
 Pollute and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.

Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal End,
And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to say ; but now grow faint,
And Strength and Spirits for the Subject want :
Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,
Amongst your Order's-Institutes enroll'd :
Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd ;
As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd.
Let no bold Heretick with faucy Eye
Into the hidden unseen Archives pry ;
Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn
Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn,
Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
From your firm breasts th'important Secrets tear.
If any treacherous Brother of your own
Shall to the World divulge, and make them
known,

Let him by worst of Deaths his Guilt atone.
Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams suspected be
Let him for Safety, and Prevention die,
And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secrecy.

But one thing more, and then with Joy I go,
Nor urge a longer Stay of Fate below :
Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
And let each seal it with his dying Breath :

As the great *Carthaginian* * heretofore
 The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore, }
 Eternal Enmity to the *Roman Pow'r* :
 Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)
 An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran Name* :
 Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,
 Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race :
 Now, thro' all Age, when Time, or Place soe'er
 Shall give you Pow'r, wage an immortal War :
 Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours yourselves survive,
 And in your very Dust and Ashes live,
 Like mine, be your last Gasp, Their Curse.—*At this*
They kneel, and all the sacred Volume kifs ;
Vowing to send each Year an Hecatomb
Of Huguenots, an Off'ring to his Tomb.

In vain he would continue ;—Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath :
In broken accents he is scarce allow'd
To falter out his Blessing on the Crowd.
Amen is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,
And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.

* *Hannibal.*

S A T I R E IV.

St. IGNATIUS's Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the JESUITS, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of ROME.

Once I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
 Thrown out, a pissing-post, for ev'ry Dog:
 The Workman yet in doubt what Course to take,
 Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
 After Debate, resolv'd me for a Saint,
 And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
 And well I may resemble him, for He
 As stupid was, as much a Block as Me.
 My right Leg maim'd, at Halt I seem to stand,
 To tell the Wounds at *Pampelonne* sustain'd.
 My Sword, and Soldier's Armour here had been,
 But they may in *Monferrat's* Church be seen:
 Those to the *blessed Virgin* I laid down,
 For Cassock, Surfingle, and shaven Crown,
 The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown.
 With due Accoutrements and fit Disguise,
 I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:

As once the well-hung *God** of old stood Guard,
 And the invading Crows from Forage scar'd.
 Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,
 And Spiders in my Mouth their Arras weave :
 Nay, persecuted Rats oft find in me,
 A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary.
 But you profaner *Hereticks*, whoe'er
 The *Inquisition*, and its Vengeance fear,
 I charge, stand off, at Peril come not near :
 None at twelve Score untruss, break Wind, or piss ;
 He enters *Foxes* Lifts, that dare transgress :
 For I'm by holy Church in Rev'rence had,
 And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my Aid.

These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,
 The Acts, and Monuments of me alive :
 That Frame, wherein with Pilgrim Weeds I stand,
 Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*.
 This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
 When I for Grant of my great Order come.
 There with Devotion wrapt, I hang in air,
 With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my Ear.
 Here *Virgin* in Calash of Clouds descends,
 To be my Safeguard from assaulting Fiends.

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the Lame,
 My great Atchievements since my Death proclaim :

* *Priapus*.

Pox, Ague, Dropsy, Palsy, Stone, and Gout,
 Legions of Maladies by me cast out,
 More than the *College* know, or ever fill
 Quacks Wiping-Paper, and the Weekly Bill.
 What *Peter's* Shadow did of old, the same
 Is fancied done, by my all-powerful Name :
 For which some wear it round their Necks and Arms,
 To guard from Dangers, Sickneffes, and Harms ;
 And some on Wombs, the Barren, to relieve,
 A Miracle, I better did alive.

Oft I, by crafty *Jesuit*, am taught
 Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat,
 Sometimes with Chafing-dish behind me put,
 I sweat like Clap-Debauch in Hot-House shut, }
 And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot* :
 Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,
 As Pasteboard Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire :
 Then I, *Tradescant's* Rarities out-do, }
Sand's Water-works, and *German* Clock-work too,
 Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*. }
 Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest
 Instead of a Familiar posselt.

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
 And cause Amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks as these,
 For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.

By this, in their Esteem I daily grow,
 In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too,
 This draws each Year vast Numbers to my Tomb,
 More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
 This brings each Week new Presents to my Shrine,
 And makes it those of *India* Goods outshine.
 This gives a Chalice, that a golden Cross,
 Another massy Candlesticks bestows,
 Some Altar-Cloaths of costly Work and Price,
 Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies, }
 The *Birth* and *Passion* in Embroideries :
 Some Jewels, rich as those th' *Egyptian* Punk *
 In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk,
 Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to wear
 When I on holy Days in State appear ;
 When I'm in Pomp on high Processions shown,
 Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not such a Wardrobe boast,
 Less, those of Popes, at their Election cost ;
 Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant † heretofore
 From plunder'd Gods, and *Jove's* own Shoulders tore.

* *Cleopatra* to *Julius Cæsar*.

† *Dionysius of Syracuse* :—He robb'd *Jove* of a golden Robe ; saying, it was too heavy, and chang'd it for one of Wool ;—he also robb'd *Æsculapius* of his golden Beard, saying, a Beard was out of Character, as his Father *Apollo* was beardless.

F

Hither, as to some Fair, the Rabble come,
 To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome* ;
 Where Priests, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,
 T' expose the Fripp'ry of their hallow'd Ware :
 This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
 The Shop where all their staple Drugs are made ;
 Prescriptions and Receipts to bring in Gain,
 All from the Church Dispensatories ta'en.

The Pope's Elixir, Holy Water's here,
 Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare :
 Choice, above *Goddard's Drops*, and all the Trash
 Of modern Quacks ; this is that sovereign Wash
 For fetching Spots and Morpew from the Face,
 And scouring dirty Cloaths and Consciences.
 One Drop of this, if us'd, had Pow'r to fray
 The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara* :
 This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire-Drum*,
 And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.

That Vessel consecrated Oil contains,
 Kept sacred, as the fam'd *Ampouille of France* ;
 Which some profane *Hereticks* would use
 For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, or Boots, and Shoes :
 This makes the Chrism, which mix'd with Snot of
 Priests,
 Anoints young Cath'licks for the Church's Lifts ;

And when they're crost, confess'd, and die, by this,
 Their launching Souls slide off to endless Bliss :
 As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
 By Help of Magick-Uctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
 And safe Repository of their God.
 A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
 And flies which would the Deity bespite ;
 And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
 And to lewd Scoffers Cause of Scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells,
 For Christ'ning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers
 Bells ;

For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and
 Bawms,

Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and waxen Lambs :
 Of wond'rous Virtue all (you must believe)
 And from all Sorts of Ill, Preservative ;

From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
 Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all,
 Here Beads are blest, and *Pater-nosters* fram'd,
 (By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)

Which of their Prayers and Oraisons keep tale,
 Lest they and Heav'n should in the Reck'ning fail.

Here sacred Lights, the Altar's graceful Pride,
 Are by Priests Breath perfum'd and sanctified ;

Some made of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,
A Gift, which *Irish Emma* sent to *Rome* :
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongst her Country-Saints enroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reserv'd in Store,
And Flags, such as the fam'd *Armada* bore :
With hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for Use,
When resty Kings the Papal-Yoke refuse ;
And consecrated Rats-bane, to be laid
For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.

But that which brings in most of Wealth and
Gain,

Does best the Priests swoln Tripes, and Purfes strain ;
Here they each Week their constant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candle's Inch are sold :
Saints by the Dozen here are set to Sale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.
Hither are Loads from empty Channels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought ;
Which serve for Retail through the World to vent,
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent :
Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets thorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn ;
Like those which some old Hag at Midnight steals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,

Are past for Sacred to the cheap'ning Rout ;
 And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.
 This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
 Of good *St. George*, *St. Patrick*, or *St. Kit*.
 These Locks *St. Bridget's* were, and those *St. Clare's* ;
 Some for *St. Catherine's* go, and some for *Her's* }
 That wip'd her *Saviour's* Feet wash'd with her }
 Tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here,
 Those which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.
 Here may you the grand Traitor's Halter see,
 Some call't the Arms of the Society:
 Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux's* not,
 That was embezzled by the *Huguenot*.
 Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones, and Hair,
 For murd'ring whom, some Tails are said to wear ;
 As learned *Capgrave* does record their Fate,
 And faithful *British* Histories relate.
 Those are *St. Lawrence's* Coals expos'd to View,
 Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now.
 That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wond'rous Beard,
 For which, her Maidenhead, the Tyrant spar'd,
 Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,
 The rest are shewn in many a Place besides ;
 And of his Teeth, as many Sets there are,
 As on their Belts six Operators wear.

Here blessed *Mary's* Milk, not yet turn'd four,
 Renown'd (like *Asses*) for its healing Pow'r, }
 Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a Year give more.
 Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
 Fellow to that * which once reliev'd *Poitiers* :
 Besides her *Husband's* Utensils of trade,
 Wherewith some prove that Images were made.
 Here is the Soldier's-Spear, and Passion-Nails,
 Whose Quantity would serve for building *Paul's* :
 Chips, some from Holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some,
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom :
 All held of special, and mirac'lous Pow'r,
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for *Ague's* Cure :
 Here Shoes, which once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
 Angled their Charity that pass'd along,
 Now for *St. Peter's* go, and th' Office bear
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains There.

These are the Fathers Implements and Tools,
 Their gaudy Trankums for inveigling Fools :
 These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,
 Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair,
 Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
 By which the Vulgar they delude and cheat :

* *Orlean* Maid.

Which should I undertake much easier I,
 Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
 Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*. }

What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each Year,
 Or Vices treated on by *Escobar* :
 How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,
 Or greater Numbers by Confession made.

One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
 The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell ;
 How far and wide th' Infernal Monarch reigns,
 How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains :
 Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,
 And all their several Offices below :
 How many Chaldrons he each Year expends
 In Coals for roasting *Huguenots* and Fiends :
 And with as much Exactness states the Case,
 As if he'd been Surveyor of the Place.

Another frights the Rout with rueful Stories,
 Of wild *Chimeras*, *Limbo's Purgatories*,
 And bloated Souls in smoaky Durance hung,
 Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue, }

To be redeem'd with Masses and a Song.
 A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,
 For none may there swear out on Poverty.
 Your rich and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
 No *Fleet* or *King's-Bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.

/ A third, the wicked and debauch'd to please, }
 Cries up the Virtue of Indulgences, }
 And all the Rates of Vices does assess ;
 What Price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
 And Customs for each Sin imported there ;
 How you at best Advantages may buy
 Patents for Sacrilege and Simony. /

/ What Tax is in the Leach'ry Office laid
 On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade :
 What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap
 You may an Harlot, or an Ingle * keep ;
 How easy Murder may afforded be
 For one, two, three, or a whole Family ;
 But not of *Her'ticks* ; there no Pardon lacks,
 'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.

/ For venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,
 They ne'er deserve the Trouble of your Thoughts.
 Ten *Ave Marias* mumbled to the Cross,
 Clear Scores of twice Ten thousand such as those :
 Some are at Sound of Christen'd Bell forgiven,
 And some by Squirt of Holy Water driven :
 Others by Anthems plaid, are charm'd away,
 As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

/ But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
 The Value of these holy *Charlatans*,

• A Sodomite.

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view, /
 Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew:
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis *Bread* you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a DEITY.

Two Grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of
 Priest,
 And five small Words pronounc'd, make up their
Christ,

To this they all fall down, this all adore,
 And strait devour what they ador'd before;
 Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a Bit,
 To be digested, and at length beshit:
 From Altar to Close-Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
 First Wafer, then a God, and then a Turd.

'Tis this that does the astonish'd Rout amuse,
 And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:
 To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
 His Maker make; Create the Infinite.
 None boggles at th' Impossibility;
 Alas, 'tis wond'rous heavenly Mystery!
 None dares the mighty God-maker blaspheme,
 Nor his most open Crimes and Vices blame:
 Saw he those Hands that held his God before,
 Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore,
 Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,
 His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself too force.

And here I might (if I but durst) reveal
 What Pranks are play'd in the Confessional :
 How haunted Virgins have been dispossest,
 And Devils were cast out to let in Priest :
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,
 And what to Punks in shriving Seats is done ;
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,
 To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd
 With Rapes, those Pews with Buggeries profan'd :
 Not great *Gellier* *, nor any greater Bawd,
 Of Note, and long Experience in the Trade, }
 Has more, and fouler Scenes of Lust survey'd.
 But I these dangerous Truths forbear to tell,
 For fear I should the Inquisition feel.
 Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
 Their Cheats, their Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies,
 Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings,
 Chrisms,
 Their Conjurings, their Spells, and Exorcisms ;
 Their Motley Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
 Albs, Am'fles, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and Cowsls,

* Tried for High Treason, and acquitted in 1680 ;
 but afterwards she was sentenced to a Fine of 1000*l.* and
 to stand three Times in the Pillory for a *Libel*, called
Malice Defeated.

Should I tell all their several Services,
 Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries ;
 Their solemn Poms, their Pageants, and Parades,
 Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
 With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more,
 'Twould swell the Sum to such a mighty Score,
 That I at length should more volum'ous grow,
 Than *Crab* or *Sundus*, lying *Fox* or *Stow*.

Believe whate'er I have related here,
 As true as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair,
 If I have feign'd in aught, or broach'd a Lie,
 Let worst of Fates attend me, let me be
 Piss'd on by Porter, Groom, and Oyfter-Whore,
 Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore :
 Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,
 The Sport of every sneering *Huguenot*.
 There, like a martyr'd Pope, in Flames expire,
 And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

O D E.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*——— JUVEN. Sat.

Now Curses on you All! ye *virtuous Fools*,
Who think to fetter free-born Souls,
And tie 'em up to dull Morality, and Rules,
The *Stagyrite* † be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Ideots, who his Steps pursue!
And those more filly Profelytes, whom his fond
Precepts drew.

Oh! had his Ethicks been with their wild author
drown'd,

Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,
Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to Fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire:

* This Ode is improperly called a Satire against Vir-
tue, though the Author never meant to flatter *Vice*, but
to traduce it, by thus attacking it in Masquerade.

† *Aristotle*.

They ne'er had then seduc'd *Morality*,
Ne'er lusted to debauch the World with their lewd
Pedantry,
But damn'd and more (if Hell can do't) be that
thrice cursed Name,

Whoe'er the Rudiments of Law design'd,
Whoe'er did the first Model of Religion frame,
And by that de~~mon~~ Vassalage enthral'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own Pow'r or Will
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their primitive Liberty,
And Slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Sense
observe,

And ne'er from their first Charter swerve.
Happy! whose Lives are merely to enjoy,
And feel no Stings of Sin, which may their Bliss
annoy.

Still unconcern'd at Epithets of Ill, or Good.
Distinctions unadult'rate Nature never understood.

Hence hated *Virtue* from our goodly Isle,
No more our Joys beguile;
No more with thy loath'd Presence plague our happy
Stâte,
Thou Enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave,
or great ;

Be gone, with all thy pious meagre Train,
To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous Command :
There, where illib'ral Nature's Niggardice
Has set a Tax on Vice,
Where the lean barren Region does enhance
The Worth of dear Intemperance,
And for each pleasurable Sin exacts Excise.
We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,
And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient finning Opportunities,
Which Nature's Bounty could bestow, or Heaven's
Kindness lend.
Go, follow that nice Goddess* to the Skies,
Who heretofore disgusted at increasing Vice,
Dislik'd the World, and thought it too profane,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne'er return'd
again,
Hence, to those airy Mansions rove,
Converse with Saints, and holy Folks above ;
Those may thy Presence woo,
Whose lazy Ease affords them nothing else to do ;

* *Astræa.*

Where haughty scornful I,
And my great Friends will ne'er vouchsafe Thee
Company,
Thou'rt now an hard, impracticable Good,
Too difficult for Flesh and Blood :
Were I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to
practise thee.

Virtue ! thou solemn grave Impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the Men of Wit and Sense,
Thou damn'd Fatigue ! that clog'st Life's Journey
here,
Tho' thou no Weight of Wealth or Profit bear ;
Thou puling, fond, Green-sickness of the Mind !
Thou mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for Diet chuse,
And Pleasure's better Food, refuse.
Curst Jilt ! thou lead'st deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late perceive themselves undone,
Chous'd by a Dowry in Reversion.
The greatest Votary, thou e'er could'st boast,
(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy Service lost ;
What Wonders He in Wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak Pow'r could so inspire alone !)
Tho' long with fond Amours he courted thee,
Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry ;

At length, tho' late, he did repent with Shame,
 Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty
 Name.

So was that Lecher * gull'd, whose haughty Love
 Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent † of the
 Gods above :

When he a Goddess thought he had in Chace
 He found a gaudy Vapour in the Place,
 And with thin Air, beguil'd his starv'd
 Embrace, }

Idly he spent his Vigour, spent his Blood,
 And tir'd himself t'oblige an unperforming Cloud.

If Human Kind to thee e'er worship paid ;
 They were by Ignorance misled,
 That, only Them devout, and Thee a Goddess
 made. }

Known haply in the World's rude untaught
 Infancy,
 Before it had out-grown its Childish Innocence,
 Before it had arriv'd at Sense,
 Or reach'd the Manhood, and Discretion of
 Debauchery ;

* *Ixion.*

† *Juno.*

Known in those ancient godly duller Times,
 When crafty Pagans had engross'd all Crimes :
 When Christian Fools were obstinately good,
 Nor yet their Gospel-Freedom understood,
 Tame easy Fops ! who could so prodigally bleed,
 To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with
 red :

No prudent Heathen e'er seduc'd could be,
 To suffer Martyrdom for Thee :
 Only that arrant Afs * whom the false Oracle call'd
 wise,

(No Wonder if the Devil utter'd Lies)
 That sniv'ling Puritan, who, spite of all the Mode,
 Would be unfashionably good,
 And exercis'd his whining Gifts to rail at Vice :
 Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,
 And justly with Lampoons defam'd :
 But when the mad Fanatick could not silenc'd be
 From broaching dang'rous Divinity ;
 The wise Republick made him for Prevention die,
 And sent him to the Gods, and better Company.

Let fumbling Age be grave and wife,
 And *Virtue's* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,

* *Socrates.*

G

Who never knew, or now are past the Sweets of
Vice ;

While we whose active Pulses beat
With lusty Youth, and vigorous Heat,
Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,
While my plump Veins are fill'd with Lust
and Blood,

Let not one Thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my Breast,
But know 'tis all possess'd
By a more welcome Guest ;
And know, I have not yet the Leisure to be good.
If ever unkind Destiny

Shall force long Life on me ;
If e'er I must the Curse of Dotage bear ;
Perhaps I'll dedicate those Dregs of Time to her,
And come with Crutches her most humble Votary.
When sprightly Vice retreats from hence,
And quits the Ruins of decaying Sense ;
She'll serve to usher in a fair Pretence,
And varnish with her Name a well-dissembled
Impotence,

When Phthisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies
seize,

And all the Bill of Maladies,

Which Heaven to punish over-living Mortals sends ;
Then let her enter with the numerous Infirmities,
Herself the greatest Plague, which Wrinkles and
grey Hairs attends.

Tell me, ye venerable Sots, who court her most,
What small Advantage can she boast,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater Store
ingroft ?

Her boasted Calm, and Peace of Mind,
In Wine and Company we better find,
Find it with Pleasure too combin'd.
In mighty Wine, where we our Senses steep,
And lull our Cares, and Consciences asleep.
But why do I that wild *Chimera* name ?

Conscience, that giddy airy Dream,
Which does from Brain-sick Heads, or ill-digesting
Stomachs steam.

Conscience ! the vain fantastick Fear
Of Punishments, we know not when, nor where,
Project of crafty Statesmen ! to support weak Law,
Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls to forc'd Obedience draw.
Grand Wheedle ! which our Gown'd Impostors use,
The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse,

Scare-crow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of
Vice,

 Their own beloved Paradise :
Let those vile Canters Wickedness decry,
Whose mercenary Tongues take pay
 For what they say ;
And yet commend in Practice what their Words
 deny.
While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
 Their holy Cheats defy,
And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their sanctified
 Cajoulery.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit *Vice*,
 Who act their Wickedness with an ill Grace ;
Such their Profession scandalize,
 And justly forfeit all that Praise ;
 All that Esteem, that Credit, and Applause,
Which we by our wise Menage from a Sin can raise.
 A true and brave Transgressor ought
 To sin with that same Height of Spirit, *Cæsar*
 fought :
Mean-soul'd Offenders now no Honours gain,
 Only Debauches of the nobler Strain.
Vice well-improv'd, yields Bliss, and Fame beside,
 And some for sinning have been deify'd.

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
 By these brave Methods to the Seats above.
 Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sovereign Deity,
 Father and King of all the immortal Progeny,
 Ascended to that high Degree ;
 By Crimes above the Reach of weak Mortality,
 He, Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
 Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' Trade ;
 And all that sacred Place
 Was fill'd with bastard Gods of his own Race :
 Almighty Leach'ry got his first Repute,
 And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attribute.

How gallant was that Wretch *, whose happy Guilt
 A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built !
 " Let Fools, said He, Impiety alledge,
 " And urge the no great Fault of Sacrilege :
 " I'll set the sacred Pile on Flame,
 " And in its Ashes write my lasting Name ;
 " My Name, which thus shall be
 " Deathless as its own Deity.
 " Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,
 " And *Egypt*'s proudest Monarchs too ;

* *Herostratus*, he burnt the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*.

" Those lavish Prodigals, who idly did consume
 " Their Lives and Treasures to erect a Tomb, }
 " And only great by being buried would become: }
 " At cheaper Rates than They, I'll buy Renown,
 " And my loud Fame shall all their silent Glories
 " drown."

So spake the daring Hector, so did prophecy :

And so it prov'd : in vain did envious Spite

By fruitless Methods try

To raze his well-built Fame and Memory

Amongst Posterity :

The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,

While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite,

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor *,

(A greater Crime befitted his high Pow'r)

Who sacrificed a City to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of Humour
best :

He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his Fame,

And sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidst the
Flame ;

Bravely begun ! yet Pity there he stay'd,

One Step to Glory more he should have made :

* *Nero.*

He should have heav'd the noble Frolick higher,
 And made the People on that Fun'ral Pile expire,
 Or providently with their Blood put out the Fire. }

Had this been done,

The utmost Pitch of Glory he had won :

No greater Monument could be

To consecrate him to Eternity,

Nor should there need another Herald of his Praise
 but Me.

And thou, yet greater *Faux* *, the Glory of our Isle,
 Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefeft Foil ;

'Twere Injury should I omit thy Name,

Whose Action merits all the Breath of Fame,

Methinks I see the trembling Shades below

Around in humble Reverence bow ;

Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty

To their dread Monarch, or to Thee :

No wonder He (grown jealous of thy fear'd Success).

Envy'd Mankind the Honour of thy Wickidness,

And spoil'd that brave Intent, which must have
 made his Grandeur less.

Howe'er regret not, mighty Ghost,

Thy Plot by treach'rous Fortune crost, }

Nor think thy well deserved Glory lost.

* Gunpowder-Plot *Faux*.

Thou the full Praise of Villainy shalt share,
And all will judge thy Act compleat enough, when
 thou couldst—dare ;
So thy great Master * fear'd, whose high Disdain
Contemn'd that Heav'n where he could not reign,
 When he with bold Ambition strove
 T'usurp the Throne above,
And led against the Deity an armed Train,
 Tho' from his vast designs he fell,
 O'erpower'd by his Almighty Foe,
 Yet gain'd he Victory in his Overthrow:
He gain'd sufficient Triumph, that he durst rebel,
And 'twas some Pleasure to be thought the first in
 Hell.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do
 To be illustrious as you ?
Let your Examples move me with a gen'rous Fire,
 Let them into my daring Thoughts inspire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Giant-
 crime,
Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all past and
 present Time.

* *Satan.*

'Tis done, 'tis done ; methinks I feel the pow'rful
Charms,

And a new Heat of Sin my Spirit warms ;
I travel with a glorious Mischief, for whose Birth,
My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble to
bring forth.

Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,
And stock for Company the wild Plantations down
below :

Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their Room in Hell.
We are his Grandees, and expect as much Prefer-
ment there,

For our good Service, as on Earth we share.
In them Sin is but a mere Privative of Good,
The Frailty and Defect of Flesh and Blood :
In Us 'tis a Perfection, who profess
A studied and elaborate Wickedness.

We are the great *Royal Society of Vice*,
Whose Talents are to make Discoveries,
And advance Sin like other Arts and Sciences.

'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,
Who must new Worlds in Vice descry,
And fix the Pillars of unpassable Iniquity.

How sneaking was the first Debauch that finn'd,
 Who for so small a Crime sold Human Kind !
 How undeserving that high Place,
 To be thought Parent * of our Sin, and Race, }
 Who by low Guilt, our Nature doubly did debase ! }

Unworthy was he to be thought
 Father of the great first-born *Cain*, which he begot :
 The noble *Cain*, whose bold and gallant Act
 Proclaim'd him of more high Extract :

Unworthy Me,
 And all the braver Part of his Posterity.
 Had the just Fates design'd Me in his stead,
 I'd done some great and unexampled Deed :

A Deed, which should decry
 The Stoick's dull Equality,
 And shew that Sin admits Transcendency :
 A Deed, wherein the Tempter should not share
 Above what Heaven could punish, and above what
 he could—dare.

For greater Crimes than His I would have fell,
 And acted somewhat, which might merit more than
 Hell.

* *Adam.*

AN APOLOGY

FOR

THE FOREGOING ODE,

BY WAY OF

EPILOGUE.

My Part is done, and you'll, I hope, excuse
 Th' Extravagance of a Repenting Muse,
 Pardon whate'er she hath too boldly said,
 She only acted here in Masquerade.
 For these slight Arguments she did produce,
 Were not to flatter *Vice*, but to traduce.
 So we Buffoons in princely Drefs expose,
 Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
 When she an Hector for her Subject had,
 She thought she must be termagant and mad :
 That made her speak like a lewd Punk o'th'Town,
 Who by Converse with Bullies wicked grown,
 Has learn'd the Mode to cry all *Virtue* down,
 But now the Vizard's off ; she changes Scene,
 And turns a modest civil Girl agen.

Whose nauseous Poetry can reach no higher
 Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.
 So lewd, they spend at Quill ; you'd justly think,
 They wrote with something nastier than Ink ;
 But he still thought, that little Wit, or none,
 Which a just Modesty must never own, }
 And a mere Reader with a Blush atone. }
 If Ribaldry deserv'd the Praise of Wit,
 He must resign to each illit'rate Cit, }
 And Prentices and Carmen challenge it. }
 Ev'n they too can be smart, and witty there ;
 For all Men on that Subject Poets are,
 Henceforth he vows, if evermore he find
 Himself to the base Itch of Verse inclin'd ;
 If e'er he's given up so far to write,
 He never means to make his End Delight :
 Should he do so, he must despair Success :
 For he's not now debauch'd enough to please, }
 And must be damn'd for want of wickedness. }
 He'll therefore use his Wit another Way,
 And next the Ug'linefs of Vice display.
 Tho' against Virtue once he drew his Pen,
 He'll ne'er for aught, but her Defence, agen. |
 Had he a Genius, and poetick Rage,
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age,

Were he all Gall, and arm'd with Store of Spite,
'Twere worth his Gains to undertake to write ;
To noble Satire he'd direct his Aim,
And by't Mankind and Poetry reclaim,
He'd shoot his Quills just like a Porcupine,
At Vice, and make them stab in every Line ;
The World should learn to blush,——
And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worse than their own Consciences should
fright ;
And all should think him Heav'n's just Plague,
design'd
To visit, for the Sins of lewd Mankind.

T H E
P A S S I O N O F B Y B L I S

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellæ.

And ending with

——— *Modumque*

Exit, et infelix, committit sæpe repelli.

You heedless Maids, whose young and tender Hearts,
Unwounded yet, have scap'd the fatal Darts;
Let the sad Tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to shun forbidden Love,
Not all the Plenty, all the bright Resort,
Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
Could charm the haughty Nymphs disdainful Heart,
Or from her Brother's guilty Love divert;
Caunus she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,
But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:

Caenus alone, takes up her Thoughts and Eyes,
For him alone she wishes, grieves, and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no Name,
A glimm'ring Spark scarce kindling into Flame ;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She snatch an harmless kiss, if her fond Clip,
With loose Embraces, oft his Neck surround,
And love is yet in Debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by Degrees,
And now she likes, and strives herself to please:
Well-drest she comes, and arms her Eyes with Darts,
Her Smiles with Charms, and all the studied Arts, }
Which practis'd Love can teach, to vanquish Hearts. }
Industrious now she labours to be Fair,
And envies all whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not she loves, but still does grow,
Insensibly, the thing she does not know :
Strict Honour yet her check'd Desires does bind,
And modest Thoughts, on this side Wish, confin'd :
Only within she sooths her pleasing Flames,
And now the hated Terms of Blood disclaims :
Brother sounds harsh ; she the unpleasing Word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord* :
And, when the Name of *Sister* grates her Ear,
Could wish't unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking Thoughts admit
 A wanton Hope: But when returning Night
 With Sleep's soft gentle Spell her Senses charms,
 Kind Fancy often brings him to her Arms:
 In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem
 To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too, in Dream.
 She wakes, and long in Wonder silent lies,
 And thinks on her late pleasing Ecstasies:
 Now likes, and now abhors, her guilty Flame,
 By Turns abandon'd to her Love and Shame:
 At length her struggling Thoughts an Utt'rance
 find,
 And vent the wild Disorders of her Mind.

" Ah me! (she cries) kind Heaven avert! what
 means

" This boding Form, that nightly rides my Dreams?

" Grant 'em untrue! why should lewd Hope divine?

" Ah! why was this too charming vision seen?

" 'Tis true, by the most envious Wretch, that sees,

" He's own'd all Fair and Lovely, own'd a Prize,

" Worthy the Conquest of the brightest Eyes:

" A Prize that would my high'st Ambition fill,

" All I could wish;—but he's my Brother still!

" That cruel Word for ever must disjoin,

" Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.

H

- " Since then I waking never must possess ;
 " Let me in Sleep, at least, enjoy the Bliss ;
 " And sure nice Virtue can't forbid me this :
 " Kind Sleep does no malicious Spies admit,
 " Yet yields a lively Semblance of Delight :
 " Gods ! what a Scene of Joy was that ! how fast
 " I clasp'd the Vision to my panting Breast !
 " With what fierce Bounds I sprung to meet my Bliss,
 " While my wrapt Soul flew out in every Kiss !
 " Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
 " I, all dissolv'd, in reeking Pleasures lay !
 " How sweet is the Remembrance yet ! tho' Night
 " Too hasty fled, drove on by envious Light.
 " Oh that we might the Laws of Nature break !
 " How well would *Caunus* me an Husband make !
 " How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take !
 " Wou'd God ! in all things we had Partners been,
 " Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin ;
 " Would thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
 " Than guiltless I had despair'd, and suffer'd Scorn :
 " Happy that Maid unknown, whoe'er shall prove
 " So blest, so envied, to deserve thy Love.
 " Unhappy Me ! whom the same Womb did join,
 " Which now forbids Me ever to be Thine :
 " Curst Fate ! that we alone in that agree,
 " By which we ever must divided be.

OF BYBLIS.



- “ And must we be? what meant my Vision then?
“ Are they, and all their dear Prefages vain?
“ Have Dreams no Credit but with easy Love?
“ Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove?
“ The Gods forbid! Yet Those whom I invoke,
“ Have lov’d like me, have their own Sisters took.
“ Both stock’d their Heav’n with incestuous love:
“ Great *Saturn*, and his greater offspring *Jove*,
“ Gods have their Privilege: Why do I strive
“ To strain my Hopes to their Prerogative?
“ No, let me banish this forbidden Fire,
“ Or quench it with my Blood, and with’t expire:
“ Unstain’d in Honour, and unhurt in Fame,
“ Let the Grave bury both my Love and Shame:
“ But when at my last Hour I gasping lie,
“ Let only my kind *Murderer* be by:
“ Let him, while I breathe out my Soul in Sighs,
“ Or gaz’t away, look on with pitying Eyes:
“ Let him (for sure he can’t deny me this)
“ Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiss.
“ Besides, ’twere vain should I alone agree
“ To what another’s Will must ratify;
“ Could I be so abandon’d to consent;
“ What I’d have pass for good and Innocent,
“ He may perhaps, as worst of Crimes, resent.

H 2

" Yet we, amongst their Race, Examples find
 " Of Brothers, who have been to Sisters kind :
 " Fam'd *Canace* *, could thus successful prove,
 " Could Crown her Wishes in a Brother's Love.
 " But whence could I these Instances produce ?
 " How came I witty to my Ruin thus ?
 " Whither will this mad Frenzy hurry on ?
 " Hence, hence, you naughty Flames, far hence
 " be gone,
 " Nor let me e'er the fatal Passion own.
 " And yet, should he address, I should forgive,
 " I fear, I fear, I should his Suit receive :
 " Shall therefore I, who could not Love disown,
 " Offer'd by him, not mine, to make him known ?
 " And can't thou speak ? can thy bold tongue
 " declare,
 " Yes, Love shall force :—and now methinks I dare.
 " But lest fond Modesty at length refuse,
 " I will some sure and better Method chuse :
 " A Letter shall my secret Flames disclose,
 " And hide my blushes, but reveal their Cause."
 This takes, and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said ;
 With this she rais'd herself upon her Bed,
 And propping with her Hand her leaning Head :

* See *Ovid's* Epistles, *Canace* to *Macareus*.

“ Happen what will (says she) I'll make him know

“ What Pains, what raging Pains, I undergo :

“ Ah me! I rave! what Tempests shake my Breast?

“ And where? O where will this Distraction rest?”

Trembling, her Thoughts indite, and oft her Eye
Looks back, for fear of conscious Spies too nigh :

One Hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,

And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames
New Doubts, now writes, and now her Writing
damns. }

She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames :

Oft throws in haste her Pen and Paper by :

Then takes 'em up again as hastily :

Unstuddy her Resolves, fickle, and vain,

No sooner made, but strait unmade again?

What her Desires would have, she does not know,

Displeas'd with all, whate'er she goes to do :

At once contending Shame, and Hope, and Fear,

Rack her toss'd mind, and in her Looks appear.

Sister was wrote ; but soon misguiding Doubt

Recals it, and the guilty Word blots out.

Again she pauses, and again begins,

At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

“ Kind Health, which you, and only you, can grant,

“ Which if deny'd, she must for ever want.

- " To You your Lover sends: Ah! blushing Shame;
 " In Silence bids her Paper hide her Name :
 " Would God the fatal Message might be done
 " Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
 " E'er blest Success her Hopes and Wishes crown.
 " And had I now my smother'd Grief conceal'd,
 " It might by Tokens past have been reveal'd :
 " A thousand Proofs were ready to impart
 " The inward Anguish of my wounded Heart :
 " Oft as your Sight a sudden Blush did raise,
 " My Blood came up to meet you at my Face :
 " Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
 " Betray'd in Looks my Soul's too thin Disguise :
 " Think how their Tears, think how my heaving
 " Breast,
 " Oft in deep Sighs some Cause unknown confess :
 " Think how these Arms did oft, with fierce Embrace,
 " Eager as my Desires, about you press :
 " These Lips too, when they cou'd so happy prove,
 " (Had you but mark'd) with close warm Kisses
 " strove,
 " To whisper something more than Sister's Love.
 " And yet, tho' rankling Grief my Mind distress,
 " Tho' raging Flames within burn up my breast,
 " Long time I did the mighty Pain endure,
 " Long strove to bring the fierce Disease to cure :

“ Witness, ye cruel Pow’rs, who did inspire
“ This strange, this fatal, this resistless Fire ;
“ Witness, what Pains (for you alone can know)
“ This helpless Wretch to quench’t did undergo :
“ A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
“ Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore :
“ O’ermatch’d in Pow’r, at last I’m forc’d to yield,
“ And to the conquering God resign the Field :
“ To You, dear Cause of All, I make Address :
“ From you, with humble Prayers, I beg Redress :
“ You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
“ And Life and Death on your Disposal wait :
“ Ordain as you think fit, deny, or grant,
“ Yet know, no Stranger is your Suppliant :
“ But she, who though to you by Blood allied
“ In nearest Bonds, in nearer wou’d be tied.
“ Let doting Age debate of Law and Right,
“ And gravely state the Bounds of Just and Fit :
“ Whose Wisdom’s but their Envy, to destroy
“ And bar those Pleasures which they can’t enjoy :
“ Our blooming Years, more sprightly and more gay,
“ By Nature were design’d for Love and Play :
“ Youth knows no Check, but leaps weak Virtue’s
“ Fence,
“ And briskly hunts the noble Chace of Sense ;

- " Without dull Thinking, we Enjoyment trace,
 " And call that Lawful whichsoe'er does please.
 " Nor will our Guilt want Instances alone,
 " 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done :
 " Let's follow, where those great Examples went,
 " Nor think that Sin where Heaven's a Precedent.
 " Let neither Awe of Father's Frowns, nor
 " Shame,
 " Nor aught that can be told by babbling Fame,
 " Nor any ghastlier Phantom, Fear can frame,
 " Frighten or stop us in our Way to Bliss,
 " But boldly let us rush on Happiness :
 " Where glorious Hazards shall enhance Delight,
 " And that that makes it dang'rous, make it great :
 " Relation too, which does our Fault increase,
 " Will serve that Fault the better to disguise,
 " That lets us now in private often meet,
 " Blest Opportunities for stol'n Delight :
 " In publick often we embrace and kiss,
 " And fear no jealous, no suspecting Eyes,
 " How little more remains for me to crave !
 " How little more for you to give ! O save
 " A wretched Maid, undone by Love and you,
 " Who does in Tears and dying Accents sue ;
 " Who bleeds ; that Passion, she had ne'er reveal'd,
 " If not by Love, Almighty Love, compell'd :

“ Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
 “ *Here Byblis lies, kill’d by your cold Disdain.*”

Here forc’d to end, for want of Room, not Will.
 To add, her Lines the crowded Margin fill,
 Nor Space allow for more ; She, trembling, folds
 The Paper, which her shameful Message holds :
 And sealing, as she wept with boading Fear,
 She wet her signet with a falling Tear.

This done, a trusty messenger she call’d,
 And in kind Words the whisper’d Errand told :

“ Go, carry this with faithful Care, she said,

“ To my Dear”—there she paus’d awhile, and
 staid,

And by and by—*Brother*—was heard to add :

As she deliver’d it with her Commands,
 The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
 Dismay’d with the ill Omen, she anew
 Doubted Success, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick Admission got,
 To *Caurus*’ Hands the fatal Secret brought :
 Soon as the doubtful Youth a Glance had cast
 On the first Lines, and guess’d by them the rest,
 Strait Horror and Amazement fill’d his Breast :
 Impatient with his Rage, he could not stay
 To see the End, but threw’t, half read, away.

Scarce could his Hands the trembling Wretch forbear,
 Nor did his Tongue those angry Threat'nings spare:
 " Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd Fury trust,
 " Thou curst Pander of detested Lust:
 " Fly quickly hence, and to thy Swiftnefs owe
 " Thy Life, a Forfeit to my Vengeance due:
 " Which, had not Danger of my Honour crost,
 " Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a Ghost."

He the rough Orders strait obeys, and bears
 The killing News to wretched *Byblis*' Ears;
 Like striking Thunder the fierce Tidings stun,
 And to her Heart, quicker than Lightning, run:
 The frighted Blood forsakes her ghastly Face,
 And a short Death does every Member seize:
 But soon as Sense returns, her Frenzy too
 Returns, and in these Words breaks forth anew.
 " And justly serv'd;—for why did foolish I
 " Consent to make this rash Discovery?
 " Why did I thus in hasty Lines reveal
 " That dang'rous Secret, Honour would conceal?
 " I should have first with Art disguised the Hook,
 " And seen how well the gaudy Bait had took,
 " And found him hung, at least, before I struck:
 " From Shore I should have first descry'd the Wind,
 " Whether 'twould prove to my Adventure kind,
 " Ere I to untry'd Seas myself resign'd:

- “ Now dash’d on Rocks, unable to retire,
 “ I must i’th’ Wreck of all my Hopes expire.
 “ And was not I, by Tokens plain enough,
 “ Forewarn’d to quit my inauspicious Love ?
 “ Did not the Fates my ill Success foretel,
 “ When from my Hands th’unhappy Letter fell ?
 “ So should my Hopes have done, and my Design,
 “ That, or the Day, should then have alter’d been ;
 “ But rather the unlucky Day ; when Heaven
 “ Such om’nous Proofs of its dislike had given :
 “ And so it had, had not mad Passion sway’d,
 “ And Reason been by blinder Love misled.
 “ Besides, alas ! I should myself have gone,
 “ Nor made my Pen a Proxy to my Tongue ;
 “ Much more I could have spoke, much more have
 “ told,
 “ Than a short Letter’s narrow Room would hold :
 “ He might have seen my Looks, my wishing Eyes ;
 “ My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs ;
 “ About his Neck I could have flung my Arms ;
 “ And been all over Love, all over Charms ;
 “ Grasp’d, and hung on his Knees, and there have
 “ died,
 “ There breathe my gasping Soul out, if denied :
 “ This, and ten thousand things I might have done
 “ To make my Passion with Advantage known ;

“ Which if they each, could not have bent his
Mind,

“ Yet surely All, had forc’d him to be kind.

“ Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault,

“ Nor rightly tim’d his Message as he ought ;

“ I fear he went in some ill-chosen Hour,

“ When cloudy Weather made his Temper lour :

“ Not those calm Seasons of the Mind, which
“ prove

“ The fittest to receive the Seeds of Love :

“ These things have ruin’d me ; for, doubtless, he

“ Is made of human Flesh and Blood, like me ;

“ He suck’d no Tygres sure, nor Mountain-Bear,

“ Nor does his Breast relentless Marble wear.

“ He must, he shall consent, again I’ll try,

“ And try again, if he again deny :

“ No Scorn, no harsh Repulse, or rough Defeat,

“ Shall ever my Desire, or Hopes rebate.

“ My earnest Suits shall never give him Rest,

“ While Life, and Love, more durable, shall last :

“ Alive I’ll press, till Breath in Prayers be lost,

“ And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

“ For, if I might, what I have done, recal,

“ The first Point were, not to have don’t at all ;

“ But since ’tis done, the second to be gain’d,

“ Is now to have, what I have fought, attain’d :

“ For he, though I should now my Wishes quit,
 “ Can never my unchaste Attempts forget :
 “ Should I desist, ’twill be believ’d that I,
 “ By slightly asking, taught him to deny ;
 “ Or, that I tempted him with wily Fraud,
 “ And Snares for his unwary Honour laid :
 “ Or, what I sent (and the Belief were just)
 “ Were not th’Efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
 “ In fine, I now dare any thing that’s ill ;
 “ I’ve writ, I have solicited, my Will
 “ Has been debauch’d ; and should I thus give out,
 “ I cannot chaste and innocent be thought ;
 “ Much there is wanting still to be fulfill’d,
 “ Much to my Wish, but little to my Guilt.”

She spoke ; but such is her unsettled Mind,
 It shifts from Thought to Thought, like veering
 Wind,

Now to this Point, and now to that inclin’d :
 What she could wish had unattempted been,
 She strait is eager to attempt again :
 What she repents, she acts ; and now lets loose
 The Reins to Love, nor any Bounds allows.
 Repulse upon Repulse, unmov’d, she bears,
 And still sues on, while she her Suit—despairs.

A
 SATIRE UPON A WOMAN,
 WHO BY HER
 FALSHOOD AND SCORN,
 WAS THE
 DEATH OF MY FRIEND.

No, she shall ne'er escape, if Gods there be,
 Unless they perjur'd grow, and false as she;
 Tho' no strange Judgment yet the Murd'ers seize,
 To punish her, and quit the partial Skies:
 Tho' no revenging Lightning yet has flash'd
 From thence, that might her crim'nal Beauties blast:
 Tho' they in their old Lustre still prevail,
 By no Disease, nor Guilt itself made pale.
 Guilt, which should blackest *Moors* themselves but
 own,
 Would make, thro' all their Night, new blushes
 dawn:

Tho' that kind Soul, who now augments the Blest,
 Thither too soon by her Unkindness chac'd.
 Where may it be her small'ft and lightest Doom,
 (For that's not half my Curfe) never to come ;
 Tho' he, when prompted by the high'ft Despair,
 Ne'er mention'd her, without an Hymn, or Pray'r,
 And could, by all her Scorn, be forc'd no more
 Than Martyrs, to revile what they adore,
 Who, had he curst her sinking to the Grave,
 He had done juft, and Heaven had forgave :
 Tho' ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd
 For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.
 (For Hangmen, Women's-Scorn, and Doctor's Skill,
 All, by a licenc'd Way of Murder, kill.)
 Tho' ſhe from Juſtice of all theſe go free,
 And boaſt, perhaps, in her Succeſs and glee,
 'Twas but a little harmleſs Perjury :
 Yet think ſhe not, ſhe ſtill ſecure ſhall prove,
 Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love :
 I riſe in Judgment, am to be, to her,
 Both Witneſs, Judge, and Executioner :
 Arm'd with dire Satyr, and reſentful Spite,
 I come to haunt her with the Ghoſts of Wit.
 My Ink, unbid, ſtarts out, and flies on her,
 Like Blood upon ſome touching Murderer :

And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,
Like Hags, to curse her, write in my own Blood.

Ye spiteful Pow'rs, if any there can be,
That boast a worse, and keener spite than me)
Assist with Malice, and your mighty Aid,
With sworn Revenge, help me to rhyme her dead :
Grant I may fix such Brands of Infamy,
So plain, so deeply grav'd on her, that she,
Her Skill, nor Patch, nor Paint can jointly hide,
And which shall lasting as her Soul abide :
Grant my strong Hate may such strong Poison cast,
That every Breath may taint, and rot, and blast,
Till one large Gangrene quite o'erspread her Fame
With foul Contagion ; till her odious Name,
Spit at, and curst by every Mouth, like mine,
Be terror to herself, and all her Line.

Vil't of that viler Sex, which damn'd us all ;
Ordain'd to curse, and plague us, for our Fall ;
WOMAN ! nay, worse ! for she can nought be said
But Mummy by some Devil inhabited :
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but basely coin'd,
She wears a human Image stamp'd on Fiend ;
And whose Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a mere Compact.
Her Soul-(if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a Lie,

And its whole Stock of Falshood there was lent,
 As if hereafter to be true it meant :
 Bawd Nature taught her jilting, when she made,
 And by her Make, design'd her for the Trade :
 Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
 That she at once might better cheat and please :
 All those gay charming Looks, that court the
 Eye,

Are but an Ambush to hide Treachery ;
 Mischiefe, adorn'd with Pomp and smooth Disguise,
 A painted Skin, stuff'd full of Guile and Lies,
 Within a gaudy Case, a nasty Soul,
 Like a Peer's Excrement in gilt Closestool :
 Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring Colours are,
 Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
 So Men upon this Earth's fair Surface dwell,
 Within are Fiends, and at the Center Hell :
 Court-promises, the Leagues which Statesmen make
 With more Convenience, and more Ease to break,
 The Faith a Jesuit in Allegiance swears,
 Or a Town Jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
 Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers :
 Early in Falshood, at her Font, she ly'd,
 And should ev'n then for Perjury been try'd :
 Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Staves,
 But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn Vows.

And at her Mouth swallows down perjur'd Breath;
 More glib than Bits of Leachery beneath :
 Less serious known, when she doth most protest,
 Than Thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in Jest :
 More cheap than the vile mercenary Squire,
 That plies for half crown Fees at *Westminster*,
 And trades in staple Oaths, and swears to Hire ;
 Less Guilt than hers, less Breach of Cath, and Word,
 Has stood aloft, and look'd thro' Penance-board ;
 And he that trusts her in a death-bed Prayer,
 Hath Faith to merit, and save any thing but her.

But since her Guilt Description does outgo,
 I'll try if it outstrip my Curses too ;
 Curses, which may they equal my just Hate,
 My Wish, and her Desert, be each so great,
 Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heav'n make 'em Fate.

First, for her Beauties, which the Mischief
 brought,
 May she affected, they be borrow'd thought,
 By her own Hand, not that of Nature wrought :
 Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and those
 Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith and Vows.
 Some base unnam'd Disease, her Carcass foul,
 And make her Body ugly as her Soul.
 Cankers and Ulcers eat her, till she be
 Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain
 The Snuff of Life, may that unquench'd remain, }
 As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for Pain :
 Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride
 On that, this ever scorn'd, as that deny'd :
 Ach, Anguish, Honour, Grief, Dishonour, Shame, |
 Pursue at once her Body, Soul, and Fame :
 If e'er the Devil Love must enter her,
 (For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)
 May she a just and true Tormenter find,
 And that, like an ill Conscience, rack her Mind :
 Be some diseas'd and ugly Wretch her Fate,
 She doom'd to love of one, whom all else hate.
 May he hate her, and may her Destiny
 Be to despair, and yet love on, and die ;
 Or, to invent some wittier Punishment,
 May he, to plague her, out of spite, consent ;
 May the old Fumbler, tho' disabled quite,
 Have Strength to give her Claps, but no Delight :
 May he of her, unjustly, jealous be,
 For one that's worse, and uglier far than he :
 Impotence balk him, and torment her Lust,
 Yet scarcely her to Dreams or Wishes trust :
 Forc'd to be-chaste, may she suspected be,
 Share none o'th' Pleasure, all the Infamy.
 In fine, that I all Curses may compleat,
 (For I've but curs'd in jest, but rallied yet)

Whate'er the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,
May all those Plagues be hers, and only hers ;
Whate'er great Favourites turn'd out of Doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,
Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curfes e'er
Are spok'd by Sinners raving in Despair,
All those fall on her, as they're all her Due,
Till Spite can't think, nor Heaven inflict anew :
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No Madness take her use of Sense away ;
But may she in full Strength of Reason be,
To feel and understand her Misery ;
Plagu'd so, till she think damning a Release,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for Ease :
Yet may not all these Suff'rings here atone
Her Sin, and may she still go sinning on,
Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' Score,
Till on her Soul she can get Trust no more :
Then may she stupid and repentless *die*,
And Heaven itself forgive, no more than I,
But so be *damn'd* of mere Necessity.

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